

PZ 5
.W212
Bo

FT MEADE
GenColl

Copy 2

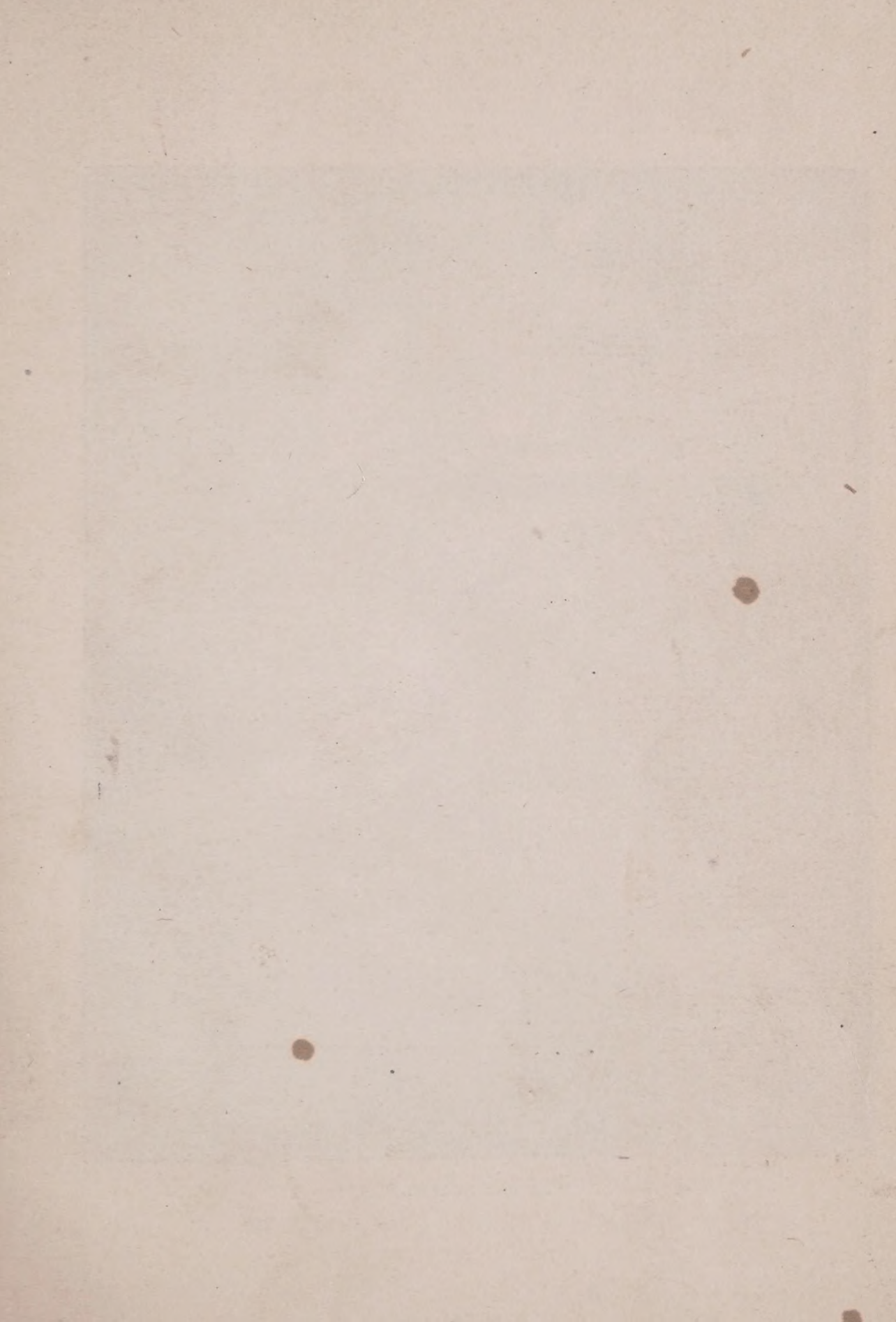
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002844059









"IN THE SULLER."

THE BOYS

OF

BRIMSTONE COURT.

BY
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Ward, Elizabeth Stuart (Phelps)
" " "Mrs. H. J."

(AND OTHER STORIES.)



BOSTON:
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY.

FRANKLIN ST., CORNER OF HAWLEY.

Copy a.

08-34845

PZ5
W212
Bo

copy 2

COPYRIGHT BY
D. LOTHROP & CO.
1879.

THE BOYS OF BRIMSTONE COURT.

FETH, thin I'll not desave yez !
It's meself as began it.

There's a chap I know, his name's O'Flaherty, says *he* done it ; an' there's Jeemes O'Brien an' Crooked Pat told the woman to the Mission it was thimsilves, bein' as Pat see it in the pepper wich he went into the trade for a man with the one eye and a tan pup. So thin ! Afther he see it in the pepper he went to the Mission woman, with his brag thin. Well, thin ! I just stipped to one side and let him brag. What's the odds, marm ? Seein' he's crooked. Me own name's Pat. It's a family name. But it's meself is sthraight.

An' now she ain't there, but whin I says *she*, I don't mane her to the Mission by a long shot. It's the little gurrl I manes.

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

Well, thin! Ye see we lives here; me, and Jeemes and all us boys. Hey? Noa *I* doant know why they calle' it Brimstone Coort. I live over there beyont the pawn-shops, an' Jeemeses to the graggry corner, barrin crooked Pat's a stip or two agin it, an' the small little gurrl's beyont the whole.

I've got nothin' agin Giddy O'Flaherty, meself, an' it's me an' Giddy was walkin' on the stilts. Giddy's feyther it is sure as made the stilts. He's rich, Giddy's feyther. He keeps a norgan an' a monkey up to Thremont Street bein' as he lost his arrum to the war.

I like that monkey. He takes it very kind when you pinches his tail.

But it wasn't the stilts, neither, as began it. It was the punch in the windy. It's meself first see the punch. Folks ses the old man punched it bein' tipsy—it's the little *gurrl's* old man I manes. I never see him. I never see nobody belongin' to the little gurrl nelse ye counts the woman as went out to pick the rags ache day and lift her to her lane. Me an' Giddy it was, and Jeemes, and the whole shebang of 'em, was beyont the windy, and it was a foine day. An' I ses:

“Whisht there, Giddy!”

And Giddy ses:

“Whisht yerself!”

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

An' ses I :

"It's a little noise I heare behind the windy!"

An' ses Giddy :

"Well thin!"

And ses I :

"Hand over them stilts — half a jiffy, thin!"

An' so Giddy he handed them over like a gintleman but for the pig an' two pups as ran betwene his legs to knock him down, an' meself got upon the stilts and walked straight to the punch in the windy and peeped in.

It was in the sullen, marm, the room was, with the thrap-door to let yez in and out, an' the windy was low-like and narry, like that one yander. Gorry! Warn't it hot down there! An' dark, you bet. For ye see it was of a July day, an' blazin hot. But I puts me face to the punch in the windy and looks down. An' I couldn't see very plain. But by-and-by I begins to see, and I give the stilts a lickitacut, an' down I come.

"Well, thin!" ses Giddy.

"Is it a murdher ye sees?" ses Jeemes.

But I ses : "Whisht, boys! Whisht, there. *It's a small little gurrl!*"

So we picks up the stilts and walks away. But that

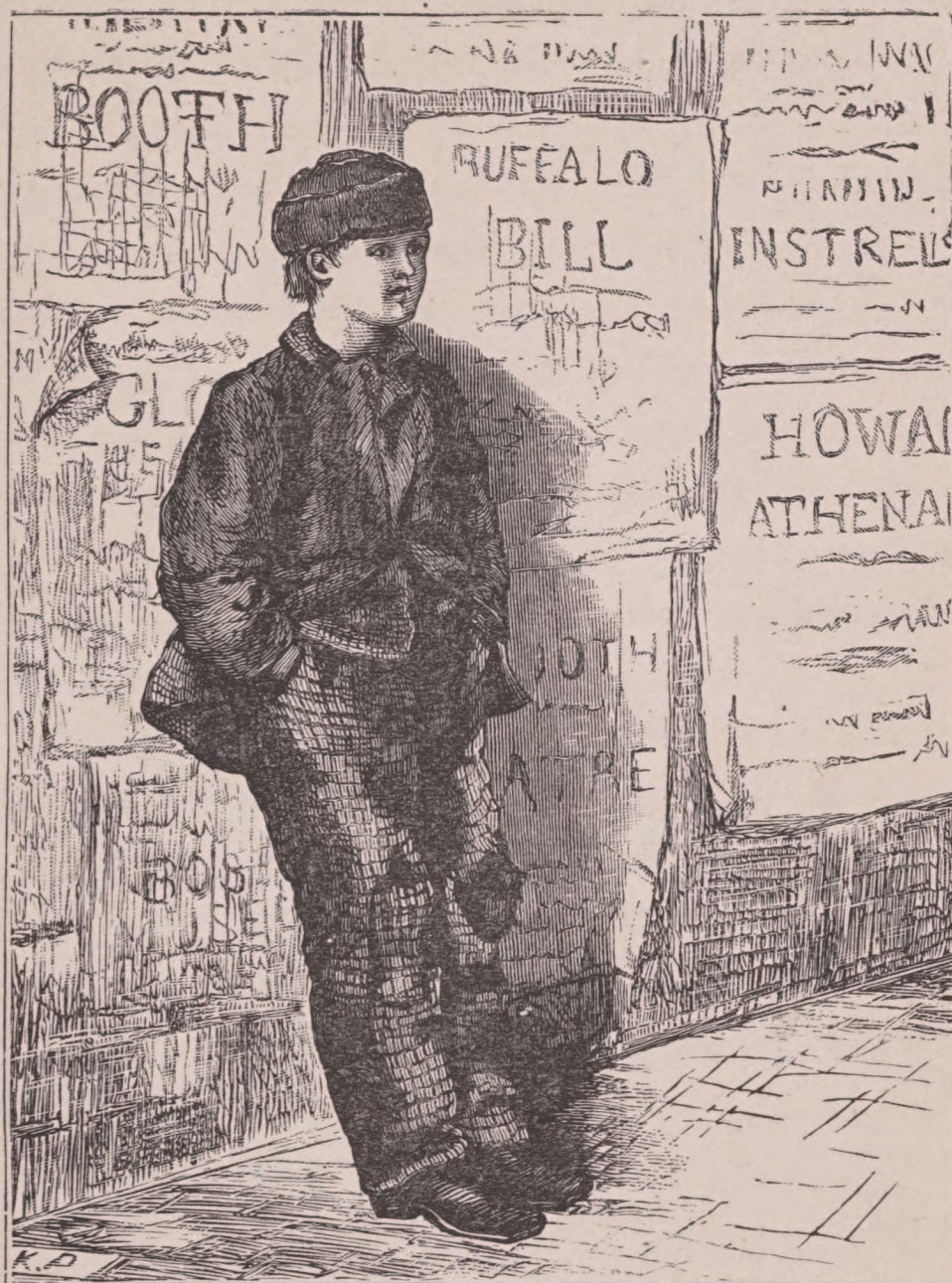
The Boys of Brimstone Court.

began it. It's purty small, she was, marm, and white-like ; an' she was layin' onto a bed, that still, I'd have taken her for a did one only for the noise she made. It wasn't much of a noise, marm, and sounded weakly. She was layin' by her lane below the windy. Nobody was nigh.

I felt kinder sorry meself for to think on her. An' Jeemes he ses he called it a dern pity. It's Giddy O'Flaherty didn't say nothin' at arl at arl, but invited us up to Thremont Street to hear the norgan an' pinch the monk. Feth thin ! an' we all went, an' he give us a pinch apiece, an' we all feels betther.

It's yerself, marm, remembers the floer shtore beyont the norgan as Giddy's feyther had to hold in the monkey for grabbin at the floers of a mornin'. 'Rested him fur it once, they did. But the Jedge ses he couldn't pass sentence onto a monk. But Giddy's feyther he give that monk *one* lickin' fur disgracin' of the family by haulin' it acrosst the P'lice Court ! An' now, marm, he wouldn't shmell a floer, that monkey wouldn't, not for no consederation.

Well, thin ! So this day I tells ye of, bein' a foine day, an' not tin o'clock of the mornin' as I come by, afther me own pinch of the monkey which was dancin' to a Hymn-tune by misthake fur the Mulligan



PAT.

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

Guards, I see the floer man a breshin' out with his broom agin the store door—hapes of ivergrane, marm, with a whishp of a floer betwane.

So thin he ses, "Yis go long wid ye an' ax me no questions which is wuss nor a monkey"—an' I picks up the granes an' the whisph of a floer along wid 'em, an' rins back home melane. But Jeemes an' Crooked Pat and O'Flaherty they tags afther, an' so we comes rinning, marm, to Brimstone Coort, an' purty short o' wind for a hot day as it was! An' we comes to the small little gurrl's. An' we sees the punch in the windy just as we laves it. An' we hears the weakly little noise.

So thin! it's meself takes the stilts wich I could see quite plain widout, only for bein' polite to Giddy seein' as he gave me an extra pinch to the monk—and I goes to the punch in the windy, an' dhrops in the ivergranes as still as ye plase. An' thin I dhrops the whishp of a floer quite soft-like. And then I ses:

"Whisht!"

An' Giddy ses:

"Whisht thin!"

An' then we cut an' run.

So thin nixt day as it was a foine day agin at tin o'clock of the mornin', and I tought I'd happen round to the floer-man's meself. An' there was Giddy an'

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

Jeemes an' Pat an' the lot of 'em before me. But he hadn't breshed out the store. So by-and-by he began to bresh. But there wasn't granes enough to go round. And he ses :

“What now thin? Be off wid ye!”

An' I ses :

“It's for a small little gurrl we wants 'em, sir. She lays sick into a suller below a punch in a windy. We stichs the whishp of a flooer in.”

So thin he ses :

“*What?*”

An' I ses :

“We stichs the granes and flooers down the windy, sir. She lays by her lane. We thought she'd like 'em,” ses I.

“Like 'em?” ses he. “How's boys the like of yez fit to know what a delicate little sick gurrl is in a way to want?”

Ses I :

“I don't know, sir.”

I felt ashamed meself, an' I noticed it of Jeemes he hung his head. But the flooer-man he looked up and began to bresh. I see him winkin' it was so dusty as he breshed. Then ses he :

“Here! an' off wid yer!”

An', marm, he gives us a *live* flooer, that man did—

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

one to ache, beyont the did ones and the granes of the dust-hape. Jeemes he got a live tulip of a yaller color. Giddy O'Flaherty he got a rid flooer. An' Pat's she held up her head like a leddy, but I don't know her name. But the one of me own was white, an' hung to a string this way, marm, like as it was little sleigh-bells. So thin! we all rins to the little gurrl's an' dhrops 'em down. Fust the toolip seein' it was yaller an' Jeemes was in a hurry. The rid one he went nixt. But the one that looked like a leddy, we put her along-side of the white flooer wid the sleigh-bells close betwane.

So that was the day I put me face to the windy, an' ses I :

“What's yer name?”

And ses she :

“Me name is Gerty.”

But she spoke up so weakly I couldn't scarcely see her.

“Well,” ses I, “me own name's Pathrick.”

But thin, I said no more. Only she ses she liked the live flooers betther nor the did ones an' how they was all very cool, she ses, an' the ivergrane moreover. An' she ses 't was purty hot down there.

Well, thin! It's ivery day we wint, marm, for a long spell, to that small little gurrl's with live flooers,

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

and did floers, an' granes, for the floer-man was most oncommon willin'. But once he sint her a limmon as she sed she hadn't nobody to squeeze it, an' me an' Giddy we rolled on it acrost the sidewalk till it was squash as jelly, marm, an' she most thankful. But she didn't never talk much, only to groan a little. But she ses her name was Gerty.

One day you bet we had larks. Giddy goes up to the windy, an' ses he :

“Hev ye ever seed a monkey?”

Ses she :

“No, I never seen one. Is it good to eat?” ses she. “I’ve laid here iver sence I could remember,” ses she. “I hain’t seen nobody,” ses she.

So Giddy he brings the monk an’ we put him up to the windy, and he looks in. But he made her a foine bow, an’ the little gurrl she laughed. I heern her. But now you bet whin we tried to make that monkey throw her down a floer, he cut up like mad. We tries him with the live ones, an’ the did ones, an’ the granes an’ all ways, him stickin’ hid an’ shoolders trough the punch in the windy like to fall on her an’ makin’ faces to avide the granes. But Pat he giv him a pinny the pepper man loaned him, an’ he trows the pinny down polite as a p’lice-man. But the little gurrl she laughs agin. Pat heern her.

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

So thin! Marm, I guess that's mostly all. Ye—ye don't want to hear no more, do yez? It's the granes we tuk, an' the flooers every day to trow 'em to the little gurrl. One day—one day she—well, *Giddy* sed she groaned a sight. But I didn't hear her very plain. I trew in me flooer and cut an' run. I'd—I'd rether not. It sounded so. I wouldn't had cared so much if it was a boy.

But nobody come nigh her. An' the woman wint to pick the rags ache day. Nobody come nigh her only us boys. Nelse you count the monkey. An' it grew awful hot.

One day—one day—one—day ye see—well we trew in our flooers, me an' *Giddy* an' the rist, an' she niver said no word as to how she liked 'em—how she—how—well marm! She'd been used to say:

“This one's cool.” Or mebbe, “That one's rid or purty.” Or mebbe just as how her name was *Gerty*, and what was our names? She ses, an' how she thanked us all, an' to ax if it was hot outside like it was below there. An' once she axed fur the monkey an' if the monkey hed a name. So *Giddy* tells her yez, it was *Thomas Jefferson* an' she took it very kind. An' she'd grew to watch for us. An' we'd grew to watch for her. An' ivery day come rain or shine we

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

was to the punch in the windy, me an' the flooers and the monkey mebbe an' the other boys.

But this day I tells you of, she — she — well — she niver so much as made a little groon below the windy. An' we trew in the flooers. But nobody heerd nothin'.

An' ses Giddy :

“Git the stilts an' peek !”

So Giddy he got the stilts. But we pitched coppers to see which should peek. For we was kind of scared, an' it come heads so it was onto me, an' I got upon the stilts an' peeked.

I put me face into the windy, marm, an' the boys they stood around. An' we all kep still.

Ses Jeemes :

“What do ye see thin, Pat ?”

Ses I :

“I see the room. It's dark. It's pipin' hot,” ses I, “an' I most can see the bed below the windy.”

“What else ?” ses Jeemes.

But at first, marm, I couldn't see nothin' else. Then ses I, at last ses I :

“I can most see the flooers and the granes.”

“Can ye most see the little gurrl ?” ses Pat.

An' ses I :

“I can most see the small little gurrl. I can't

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

quite see her, boys. She's got the floers acrosst her two hands. I can most see her hands. She lays very still. She niver moves," ses I.

Thin, marm — I — in a minute, marm, I see her very plain. But I ses nothin' to the boys. I got off the stilts an' ses :

"Whisht now !"

An' they follows me askin' no questions, and we walked away into a place I know behind a ash-hape, an' there we all sits down. An' ses I :

"Boys," ses I, I ses, "Boys" — I ses, "Look here boys" —

But ses Giddy :

"Is she did?"

An' ses I :

"Giddy O'Flaherty ye've spoke the truth, I'll not desave yez ! The small little gurrl is did."

But we none of us ses nothin' to nobody, only Jeemes begins to ax what will we do wid our floers the morrow. But Giddy he give him a cuff acrosst the the head that hard, Giddy himself commenced to cry. But he ses he was cryin' for the cuff. He ses he wasn't cryin' for the small little gurrl — the poor — little — he — ses —

"Boys don't — *boys* don't cry for *gurrls* !" ses Giddy.

So thin to-morrow it come tin o'clock of the morn-

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

in'. An' it was a foine day. An' we all wint to the flooer-man for not knowin' nothin' else to do, marm, me an' Giddy an' the rist. But we niver tould him. So we come away. But the flooers he giv us that day was all white flooers.

So thin we come back with the flooers. But when we come to the windy we see folks comin' up the thrap-door from the sullen-way. There wasn't many folks. There was the tipsy ould man, an' the woman as wint for the rags, and jist a Praste an' no more at arl, barrin' the small little gurrl betwane 'em an' kivered with a shawl. Us boy's did flooers was acrosst the did little gurrl. So we jist giv the live ones same as usual, for we thought we'd better.

Giddy he ses she'd miss 'em if we didn't. So we put 'em down. An' we all follered on behind. An' Giddy O'Flaherty's feyther he come too, an' the flooer man as hed heern tell of it. An' Tomas Jefferson, too. But he behaved uncommon well. An' nobody — nobody — Oh, dear me, marm! *Nobody* pinched his tail, marm, — for we — we — well, we had so fur to walk ye sees, an' we was okkypied. It begun to grew cooler as we walked. The Praste he un-kivered her face when we'd got a piece beyond folks's sight. The grave was ready, marm. And they put

The Boys of Brimstone Court.

her in. I thought it seemed very cool for her. An' there was grass an' trees an' things around.

But we laid the live flowers onto her, an' the last of the granes, an' I thought she looked most oncommon comfortable meself. So nobody was scared but the monkey, an' thin we come away. An' that's all. There ain't no more to tell about the small little gurrl. That's all there be.

MRS. MIFFET'S CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWL.

MR. MIFFET always called his wife "Ma Miffet," and she always called him "Pa Miffet." So, after a while, all the neighbors and friends fell into the same way, and each one of them said "Ma Miffet" and "Pa Miffet" as naturally as could be.

The Miffets had three children, two girls and one boy, and their names were Matilda Mary, next Lydia Lucy, then Jeremiah Julius. Ma Miffet had named them all, because, as she said, "They might not like their first name, and so they should each have a second name to choose from."

But when the children grew up, they were so well-pleased with their names that they would not have them shortened in the least, and Jeremiah Julius even wanted to add James to his and be called Jeremiah Julius James. But Pa Miffet objected to this,

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

because it took so long to pronounce when he was in a hurry, so Jeremiah Julius was forced to be content without the James.

One Sunday, as soon as they came home from church, the Miffets all began to talk of Mrs. Snapper's camel's hair shawl, which she had just bought.

Ma Miffet said it was just such a shawl as *she* would like if Pa Miffet could afford to get her one.

Matilda Mary said that Mrs. Snapper's cook had told the milkman, and the milkman had told their chambermaid, and their chambermaid had told her, that the shawl cost five hundred dollars.

Lydia Lucy said that was more than a whole camel was worth, she thought.

Jeremiah Julius said that it would be a good idea to buy a camel, and then they could get as many shawls as they wanted out of its hair.

Pa Miffet was much pleased with this idea, and said he knew a man who owned a whole menagerie, who might sell a camel cheap.

"Besides," said Pa Miffet, "we might take the camel in the country with us this summer and use him to ride on, instead of getting a horse. That would be a real saving these hard times."

"Yes, indeed!" said Jeremiah Julius. "I have heard that camels eat very little, so perhaps it would

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

feed along the roadside and save the expense of buying hay and oats."

"But don't they sometimes swallow bits of glass, and nails, and such things?" asked Ma Miffet, anxiously.

"O no, Ma Miffet! you are thinking of an ostrich," said Lydia Lucy, who had studied Natural History.

"O well! I knew it was some kind of a long-necked thing — ostrich or camel, it don't matter which," said Ma Miffet.

"When will you go to see the man who owns the camel, Pa Miffet?" asked Matilda Mary.

"To-morrow," replied Pa Miffet. "If he wants to sell a camel cheap, I will buy one. You, Jeremiah Julius, will take the beast in the country and we will follow you next week."

"Perhaps I had better ride on it and save my fare in the cars," suggested Jeremiah Julius.

"Perhaps you could do that," said Pa Miffet.

"Then couldn't I go with him?" exclaimed Lydia Lucy. "Two people can ride on a camel, I'm sure."

"Yes, so I've heard," said Ma Miffet. "But won't you be afraid when he gallops, my dear?"

"Oh, camels don't *gallop*," said Lydia Lucy.

But Pa Miffet would not consent to let his daugh-

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

ter travel in that way, he said, so poor Lydia Lucy had to give it up.

Two days afterward, the whole family were terrible excited by the appearance of Pa Miffet leading a camel into the dooryard. Ma Miffet ran to meet her husband and to take a good look at the camel, too.

“But where’s his trunk?” she asked at once.

“Ma! camels don’t have trunks, only elephants do,” answered Lydia Lucy who remembered her Natural History.

“Nonsense, child! Why shouldn’t a camel have a trunk as well as an elephant? Never mind, we can let him have a big carpet-bag and that will do just as well,” said Ma Miffet kindly.

Well, the camel was put into the yard for that night, and early the next morning Jeremiah Julius came out dressed for a journey. He carried a small satchel in one hand and a lunch-basket in the other, and all the family followed him into the yard to see him start.

“But how can I get up on his back?” said poor Jeremiah Julius when he had kissed them all good-by and looked at the camel.

“I know!” said Ma Miffet. “You must have the step-ladder, to be sure.”

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

So Pa Miffet brought out the step-ladder and rested it against the camel.

“Stop one moment!” said Ma Miffet. “Let me get a rope and tie it to the camel’s tail so as to keep him still while you get on.”

So Ma Miffet brought the rope, and Pa Miffet tied it fast to the camel’s tail.

Then Jeremiah Julius mounted the step-ladder and threw a blanket over the camel’s back, while Matilda Mary stood on the lower step with his satchel and lunch-basket, ready to hand it up to him.

But just at this moment the camel, who was a little frightened, and was getting impatient besides, started violently and upset the ladder. Jeremiah Julius fell off headforemost, — so did Matilda Mary; but Pa Miffet, who was holding the rope, began to pull it with all his might. Away went the poor camel, galloping out of the gate and down the street at a furious pace, with Pa Miffet hanging on behind. He knocked down several children and one old woman, frightened two horses, and at last ran into a butcher’s stall where he was stopped.

The butcher’s boy brushed off Pa Miffet’s clothes which were quite muddy, and then went with him to lead the camel home. But Jeremiah Julius had a bump on his forehead where he struck the ground



Jeremiah Julius starts.

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

when he fell, and Matilda Mary had set her nose a bleeding at the same time. So they concluded not to travel on the camel's back after all.

"You see, Ma and Pa," said Lydia Lucy who had studied Natural History, "the camel lives in the desert and of course he won't go well here. You must take him where there is plenty of sand and no houses if you want to use him."

"But we don't know of any such place near here," said Pa Miffet.

"We might take him to the seashore, there is plenty of sand there," said Ma Miffet.

"But it would cost so much," objected Pa Miffet after he had considered a while.

"I'm sure I shall never dare to ride on him," said Matilda Mary sorrowfully.

Just then, Jeremiah Julius came in. "Here is a letter from the man whose horse we frightened yesterday," he said. "He wants you to pay him fifty dollars damages."

"And the old woman who was knocked down says you must settle her doctor's bill, Pa," added Ma Miffet.

"And the butcher came here this morning to say that you had hurt his little girl and would have to pay him a round sum for that," said Lydia Lucy.

Mrs. Miffet's Camel's Hair Shawl.

“And the mud stains are not out of my clothes yet,” said Pa Miffet, disconsolately.

“And your coat is all torn, Pa,” said Ma Miffet.

Well, the Miffets sold the camel the next day and paid all the bills for damages.

But poor Ma Miffet didn't get her camel's hair shawl, which grieved her very much.

However, one day, Lydia Lucy came home from school, where she was still studying Natural History, and exclaimed:

“Why, Ma, camel's hair shawls are not made of camel's hair at all! They are made from the wool of the Cashmere goat, so our camel would never have been of any use!”

“Dear me!” said Ma Miffet and Pa Miffet both at once. “Dear me! what a good thing knowledge is!”

MISS JUNIPER'S WARD.

IT was a wee, wee little cry that Miss Juniper heard, so wee that she was not sure that she had heard it at all. After listening for a moment, in a sleepy way, she came to the conclusion that it was Master Richard Juniper, her canary-bird, changing from one foot to the other and making his swing creak. "And yet," she thought as she composed herself to sleep again, "it wasn't hardly that either."

Miss Juniper's room was the tiniest in a very tiny house. Her little bed was near the window, and the window was wide open, and it was very fortunate that this was all so, else she might have dropped off to sleep and never heard that little cry again; but as it was, when it came floating in again, weak and pitiful, Miss Juniper sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes.

"Dicky, is that you?" she said, softly.

Dicky had his head under his wing and was far

Miss Juniper's Ward.

away in the Land of Dreams, as his mistress could see in the moonlight ; so she knew it wasn't him.

“Hark !” said Miss Juniper to herself.

Again the wee cry came through the window — unmistakably through the window now, and so faint that it hardly could get past the clustering rose-bushes ; but it brought Miss Juniper out of bed with a bounce which startled Dicky from his slumbers, and caused him to open his eyes and look around with an angry and disgusted expression.

Hetty,—everybody called Miss Juniper “Hetty,”—pulled on her shoes without her stockings, slipped on her dressing-gown, flung her shawl over her shoulders, and putting her hands on the window-sill, swung herself out into the garden, crushing a beautiful pansy, and breaking down the St. John's Lily, which had been the object of her tenderest solicitude for several weeks ; she did not even stop to conciliate Dicky.

The moon was shining, — not with a broad glare, like the light of day, but softly and tenderly, silvering everything. Hetty looked over the door-step and little porch first — nothing there ! Then over the garden — nothing there ! She rubbed her eyes, and stared around ; had it been some little wild bird talking in its sleep ? or a dissipated Chippy, making his excuse to Mrs. Chippy ?

Miss Juniper's Ward.

"There!" said Miss Juniper to herself, as the little cry was repeated. "I knew I heard it!"

Running down the narrow path to the street fence she found it.

It was a small bundle wrapped in coarse blue cloth, and laid on the top of a stout rose-bush, which bore it up bravely,—indeed seeming to peer at it curiously as if it knew it had never borne such a blossom before.

Little Miss Juniper took it up, unconsciously scratching her hands as she did so, for the rosebush was loth to part with its flower.

Some people liked to call this little woman, "Old Maid Juniper," and "Schoolma'am Juniper." Could they have seen her now!

"Dear, dear little baby," she whispered, "where did you come from?"

The baby, for answer, gave another wee cry, and grasped frantically with a quick, tiny hand at Miss Hetty's front hair, which was quite gray and looked very shining and pretty in the moonlight.

Miss Hetty hurried back to her room, climbing in at the window, baby and all, as she had climbed out, quite indifferent to the condition of her St. John's Lily, though she saw the crown of buds snapped off and lying in the path.

Miss Juniper's Ward.

She softly placed her prize on the bed, pulled down the window that the night air should not blow upon it, and locked it, so no one should get in and steal the child, — as though it were likely anyone would come back after the little waif!

Then she hurried out and knocked at the door of another room on the opposite side of the hall.

“Aunt Dorcas! Aunt Dorcas!”

“For Pity’s sake!” said a fat voice anxiously. “What is it, Hetty Juniper? Is the house a-fire? I’ve heard you this half hour.”

“Yes, and get right up, Aunt Dorcas. I just want you to come and see what I’ve found.”

“Found!” the fat voice repeated. “Isn’t it the dead of night? What could you find in the-dead of night?”

“Aunt Dorcas, please do hurry just a little!” said Miss Hetty through the keyhole.

“I am as fast as ever I can,” said the fat voice approaching the door, and the next moment a small, fat figure filled up the doorway.

Miss Juniper led her into her own room up to the bedside, where the blue bundle lay remarkably quiet, the warm air of the room having caused it to drop off to sleep.

“This — what’s this?” said Aunt Dorcas sniffing. “It smells like a Chinaman’s blouse.”

Miss Juniper's Ward.

But while she was fumbling around after matches, Aunt Dorcas was investigating, and, in a second cried out delightedly: "Why! It's a baby! Hetty Juniper, as true as I live, it's a baby!"

Hetty gave a soft laugh and went on lighting her candle. She brought it to the bedside. Aunt Dorcas stooping low, suddenly rose shutting both hands with a funny horrified little laugh as she exclaimed, "*Hetty Juniper! It's a Chinese baby!*"

Miss Hetty stooped over and looked — then she and Aunt Dorcas stood and gazed at each other.

"*A Chinese baby!*" ejaculated the latter.

"It is!" gasped Hetty. "A Chinese baby!"

How they might have made up their minds had they waited until morning it is hard to tell; there are Orphan Asylums, and Almshouses, in San Francisco, and a Chinese baby is *not* desirable; but while they stood looking, the wee little innocent opened its almond-shaped eyes, and gave a small, pitiful wail, grasping frantically at the same time at the candle, with its impetuous little hands.

"I don't care if 'tis!" said Hetty, putting the candle-stick down. "I *love* it!"

"Do you?" said Aunt Dorcas, a soft light coming into her eyes. "Well — so do I! Let's keep it."

Said Hetty, "I will if you will."

Miss Juniper's Ward.

"And I will if you will," said Aunt Dorcas. And it was a compact.

There was no more sleep that night. Miss Hetty



AHOY CHOY.

built a fire in the kitchen, and they brought the baby out there, took off its Chinese clothes which, as Aunt Dorcas said, "had all sorts of Chines-y smells!" and gave it a warm bath, and some warm milk. Then

Miss Juniper's Ward.

Aunt Dorcas brought out some antiquated baby clothes, yellow with age, treasured through long years for some little sake of which Miss Hetty had never heard.

The little rose-bush baby girl, — it was a little girl of course, — was a plump and healthy little blossom. She was perhaps three months old. Comfortably dressed in “Melican” clothes she laughed and crowed, and seemed very like “Melican” babies and delighted her two Melican mothers till morning.

The next day — it was Saturday, so Miss Juniper's school did not “keep” — Hung Goon, the good-natured old Coolie who served them with vegetables was invited in to see the new inmate.

“What for you take girl?” he said. “Girl no good. Bine by glow up, get married, go way. Take boy! Boy he muchee good.”

“You tell me nice name for girl,” said Miss Juniper. She had decided her ward better have a Chinese name. A “Melican” name was no use with those soft oblique eyes.

After considerable jabbering in his native tongue, Hung Goon suggested “Ahoy Choy.” The name took their fancy, and “Ahoy Choy” the baby was accordingly called.

Of course the neighbors had to “have their say”

about all this ; but they were the most wrought upon by the name the baby had received.

“ People say this is a free country and I ’spose it is,” said Mrs. Drinkwater ; “ and if them Junipers want to take a Digger Injun baby there’s no law to stop it. But I do think the ministers of the Gospel orter interfere when people as pretends to be Christians gives a child sech a name, sech a abominable idolatrous heathenish hideous wicked name as they’ve given that child — *Ahoy Choy* ! Why didn’t they give the little heathen some good Scripture name, — it would have been *something* towards converting it ! It ’ll be twice as hard with that name ! ”

But *Ahoy Choy* grew and flourished, and was as happy as any little girl in San Francisco, and such dear company and comfort to Miss Hetty and Aunt Dorcas.

When she was six years old, Miss Juniper took her to school ; she was an apt, obedient and pains-taking little scholar, but alas — one day it so happened that Miss Biddy Killigan stood at the head of the spelling-class, *Ahoy Choy* being fourth, and that Miss Juniper gave out the word “ box.”

“ B-double o-x.” spelt Biddy in a very vivacious, confident tone which would have imposed upon a less experienced and wary teacher.

Miss Juniper's Ward.

"Next!" called Miss Juniper.

"B-o-ox," said the little boy who stood second.

"No such letter as 'ox,' remarked the teacher.

"Next."

"B-double o-ox," said another little boy triumphantly, starting to go up to the head.

"Stop!" said Miss Juniper, "I just said there was no such letter as 'ox.' Next."

The little boy stepped back crest-fallen, while Ahoy Choy, modestly lisping "b-o-x," went up to the head.

The crest-fallen little boy made a face at her, and Biddy Killigan pinched her as soon as Miss Juniper looked the other way; but the second little boy who was very mad, because he had really meant "x" and not "ox," shook his fist at her and whispered "*Chiny gal!*"

Now Ahoy Choy knew very well that she was a "China-gal; Miss Juniper had very early and sensibly told her she and Hung Goon were country-folks; and under his direction she had mastered numerous words in the hideous language of the Celestial Land; besides her name, her almond-shaped eyes, and her dusky skin were not to be mistaken. But Miss Juniper had taught her to not be ashamed of her race.

Nevertheless to day, something in the little boy's voice and manner aroused a sudden temper. Raising

Miss Juniper's Ward.

her little fist, the usually gentle Ahoy Choy gave him a tolerably well-directed blow between the eyes, which he received with a cry and returned with interest.

When Miss Juniper turned she found Ahoy Choy hitting out wildly in all directions with one hand, while the other was firmly fastened in the little boy's hair. The little boy, at great disadvantage, was doing his best and had reduced Ahoy Choy's apron to tatters.

"Ahoy!" Ahoy!" she cried, like a sailor hailing a ship, "what *are* you about? Jimmy! Ahoy!"

And with great difficulty Miss Hetty disengaged her ward's fingers from Jimmy's hair and separated the combatants.

"Oh-h! me eye! me eye!" wailed Biddy Killigan, wiping and rubbing it with all her might to make it look as red as possible.

Miss Hetty restored quiet as soon as she could, settling matters for the present by keeping all four of the combatants in at recess, when she called them up to her desk and questioned them searchingly.

The testimony all pointed to the fact that Ahoy Choy had made the first assault; indeed, the little almond-eyed damsel did not attempt to deny it, and even positively asserted that she was not in the least sorry.



A SUDDEN TEMPER.

Miss Juniper's Ward.

"He called me 'Chiny-gal,' " she said in a choking voice, her eyes lighting with baleful fire at the remembrance of the insult.

"An she hit me a whack in the eye and nigh put it out!" howled Biddy Killigan.

"What did you do *that* for, Ahoy?" asked Miss Juniper sorrowfully.

"I never!" replied Ahoy sullenly.

The truth was, in one of the wild blows aimed at Jimmy's head the back stroke had reached Biddy's eye, quite accidentally of course, though it did not seem so when Ahoy mentioned that Biddy had pinched her for "getting up head."

The crestfallen little boy, who modestly stood in the background, escaped censure and was sent out to play; Jimmy and Biddy were stood in corners; and Ahoy Choy, the remnant of her apron over her head, was placed in the teacher's chair.

Miss Hetty usually kept Ahoy Choy until she was ready to go, to have her company; but this afternoon, as an additional punishment, she told her in icy tones to go when the rest did. The little girl looked back wistfully; but Miss Juniper's head was bent over her record-book and she did not see her, else her kind heart must have melted at the sight of the longing little face so dearly loved.

Miss Juniper's Ward.

As soon as they were well outside the school-house gates Jimmy and Biddy held a consultation, in which Jimmy's brother Bob and Biddy's brother Pat gave the benefit of their advice and experience.

The four quietly followed Ahoy Choy for a block. She was crying bitterly and did not notice them, until a chorus of four voices shrieking "Chiny-gal!" caused her to turn and face her foes.

The poor little girl was helpless among so many, but she had the spirit of a hero. A short distance ahead she saw the refuse of a pile of bricks; she ran to it and, bracing her back against a fence, opened the battle by a missile which struck Pat Killigan in the stomach, and caused him to double up very suddenly.

Biddy, who was a couple of years his junior, cried out: "Oh-h! me brother!" and sent the piece of brick flying back.

Well, Ahoy Choy got decidedly the worst of it. Three or four friends of the Killigans joined the stronger party, while she had but one ally.

A meek pink-cheeked little China-boy, in a snow-white blouse, coming from the grocery with a pitcher of milk, was hailed by the little girl in his native tongue and at once took up a position by her side, where he remained until the pitcher was broken and

Miss Juniper's Ward.

the milk spilt, when he departed with the fragments, weeping. Upon this, the attacking party rushed upon the poor little lone warrior, and dragging her off to a large mud-puddle pushed her in.

At this point the grocery-man interfered, and assisting Ahoy to her feet sent her home in charge of his errand-boy. Aunt Dorcas and Miss Hetty received her with open arms and tears; the latter was just on the point of sallying out after her, having reached home first by a different route.

They undressed her, bathed her, applied court-plaster and salve, and put her to bed; where hot bricks to her feet and hot gruel to her stomach, perhaps saved her from a fever. As it was, she was quite ill and unable to walk for several days.

As soon as Ahoy was well enough, Miss Hetty began to teach her at home; but, although obedient, she showed so languid an interest that her teacher was in despair.

"She tries, but it is such hard work for her," Miss Hetty said to Aunt Dorcas. "If I only had somebody to study with her!"

"There's Mrs. Green's China-boy next door! Try *him*," said Aunt Dorcas.

"I'll tell you! That boy on Silver Street that stood up for her! When I went there to see about it

Miss Juniper's Ward.

I thought he was a real nice boy ; and he lives with such a kind lady. He'll do."

He did do. His name was Wing Wo Hie, and he was twelve year old and bright as a dollar.

Well, the little Chinese class did wonders in the way of book-learning and general deportment, year after year for ten years, taking lessons two hours a day. At the end of that time, lo and behold ! Wing Wo Hie was twenty-two and Ahoy Choy was sixteen.

Wing Wo Hie had just received an excellent position as Chinese cashier in a large bank. For the last three years he had worked there as clerk, studying and reciting to Miss Juniper in the evenings ; and his employers had such confidence in his ability and honesty, that when the position of cashier became vacant they gave it to him.

Thereupon, Wing Wo Hie came to his teacher and asked if he might marry Ahoy Choy. Miss Juniper said she was too young and she did not want to part with her ; but Wing Wo Hie said girls married very young in China, and finally Miss Juniper gave up her dear little ward.

It was a grand wedding, Ahoy Choy was a beauty, as Chinese beauties go, and Wing Wo Hie had the same pink cheeks, only darker to suit his darkened skin, and the same meek pleasant face which had dis-

Miss Juniper's Ward.

tinguished him as a boy. Some of the rich Chinese merchants, hearing of the affair, sent elegant bridal presents to the humble little cottage. Chinese dresses, stiff with gold-thread and silk embroidery; a small chest of the most costly and fragrant tea; a set of cups and saucers, painted all over with dragoons and impossible trees, and so fragile it seemed as if a breath would break them; frosted silver ornaments looking as if made of snow; and a beautiful cabinet of the finest wood, laquered a rich golden-brown, and inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl.

"Yet somebody wrapped me in an old rag and left me on a rosebush!" said Ahoy Choy with tears in her eyes.

"And they care nothing for you, now," said Wing Wo Hie candidly. "The bank people told them they ought to be generous, and they do this for display."

The "bank people" themselves were very generous; for four or five of them clubbed together and fifty shining double eagles represented them on Ahoy Choy's table.

The bride's pale blue silk dress, and all her wedding clothes, were given her by Miss Hetty and Aunt Dorcas; while the embroidered veil and wreath of orange-blossoms were sent by the lady for whom

Miss Juniper's Ward.

Wing Wo Hie had once washed dishes. It was her milk-pitcher which had been broken in that memorable battle.

They went away to China on their bridal-trip. The Bank wanted some business settled up there and sent Wing Wo Hie to settle it.

"So everything happens just right," said Ahoy Choy.

While they were gone, Aunt Dorcas was taken sick. The doctor was called and pronounced it small-pox.

"She had better be taken to the hospital," he said to Miss Juniper.

"Never!" cried Miss Hetty. "Aunt Dorcas has been like a mother to me and she would die of grief, doctor, to think I could give her up to be cared for by strangers in her old age. I'm a pretty good nurse, doctor, and I will do my best."

"Well, you know the danger of infection, I suppose?" he said kindly.

A great yellow placard, labeled "Small-pox," was pasted on the door and word sent to their friends not to come near them; and so great was the horror inspired that even the grocery-man and baker would not approach the house but left their goods just in-

Miss Juniper's Ward.

side the gate. The only persons that Miss Hetty saw for two weeks were the doctor and an absent-minded beggar, who came up and rang the bell, then fled as soon as he saw the placard.

Well, Aunt Dorcas died. And then, the next day when the doctor came, Miss Hetty quietly asked him to get her a nurse, adding :

“How fortunate I was to keep : off while Aunt was here !”

On the fifth day of Hetty's fever, as she lay tossing, moaning, and delirious, the door-bell gave a loud peal.

“That's Ahoy !” she said dreamily to the nurse. “I must be in China. Yes, I'm so hot ; for that's Ahoy and Ahoy's in China.”

Then, by an effort, her mind pierced the cloud for a moment and she said earnestly :

“Don't let her in ! *Don't* let her in !”

“Be easy,” said the nurse, “no one shall come in.”

Going to the door as the bell pealed again, the woman spoke through the key-hole.

“Go away ! We've got small-pox here !”

“I know it. Let me in to my Aunt Hetty,” said a young voice outside. “I've come to nurse her.”

“You can't come in,” was the reply ; “and she's got a nurse.”

Miss Juniper's Ward.

All was silent. The nurse supposed she had gone. But Ahoy Choy's childish temper had blossomed into determination and dispatch. Going swiftly into the fragrant little garden she raised Miss Hetty's bedroom window, — the same little window through which she had once been lifted, wrapped in the blue cloth which smelt of opium, — and, as the nurse triumphantly entered Miss Hetty's door, Ahoy as triumphantly entered the window.

"I've come to nurse my Aunt Hetty and I'm going to do it," she said. "I've been vaccinated, and my husband said I could come."

"Wait till the doctor comes ; *he'll* clear you out," said the nurse irately.

But the doctor didn't. He evidently admired Ahoy Choy, as he told the nurse it would really be beneficial to the patient to have her beloved ward by her side.

Miss Juniper was very, very sick ; but, somehow, as soon as the fever turned, Ahoy's merry ways and cheerful chat seemed to do her more good than medicine, and, as soon as she was able to take the journey, Ahoy Choy took her to San Rafael, where Mr. Hie came over every Saturday night to spend Sunday with them.

Miss Juniper's Ward.

They live in the cottage together, now ; though it is rather crowded, for five —

“ Five ? ” you say.

Well, a pair of such plump little twins as Hetty Hie and Dorcas Hie certainly count as two ; and Miss Juniper is three, and Mr. and Mrs. Wang Wo Hie make four and five.

The neighbors think it's “ awful,” but perverse Miss Juniper seems to be perfectly happy in the merry, loving, almond-eyed household.

THAT WHICH HAPPENED TO TOMMY.

AT first, I assure you, there was no appearance of anything of the kind. On the contrary, Tommy was a pretty boy, with a bright expression and lovely mouth and eyes and very long, dark lashes ; I would repeat, his eye-lashes were very long.

One day, he came to my house to bring back a basket that I had lent him to take some cakes home in.

“Tommy,” said I, “did your mother like the cakes ?”

“Didn’t have any,” he replied.

“And pray why not ?” I asked.

“There wasn’t any left for her.”

“Why, you little pig !” I remarked and thought no more about it. A few days after, however, I did say to my sister Mary :

That Which Happened to Tommy.

“Mary, have you noticed that Tommy Slocum’s eyes are not so soft and sweet as they used to be?”

“It’s because his lashes are so short,” she said.

“Short!” I almost screamed. “Short! Why, I



TOMMY WAS A PRETTY BOY.

never saw such long lashes in my life, just like his mother’s!”

That Which Happened to Tommy.

"The very shortest and whitest eye-lashes I ever saw on anything," my sister answered.

I was so much hurt that I left the room, and had to step out in the garden and look at the gooseberries before I could recover my temper.

That was the beginning of it, to the best of my remembrance. When he next came to see me I found that Mary was right. His eye-lashes were short and white ; he blinked a great deal, and his eyes were pinkish at the edges of the lids, — so much so, that I wept silently after he went away.

Mary was so sorry she had hurt my feelings, that she brought down from the garret our rocking-horse and invited Tommy and three of his cousins to take tea with us.

Mary dislikes children. She thinks it must be because they are always tripping one up — either under one's heels, or tumbling into the conversation or fire. But she made this rocking-horse party to please me.

Tommy came first. His voice squeaked badly, but still he was sweet and clean.

He jumped on the rocking-horse before speaking to us or taking off his hat. He rode the horse to water in one of Mary's hyacinth glasses and broke it, and stuffed her soft knitting in its mouth for hay, and

That Which Happened to Tommy.

wiped it down with my kitten, which scratched him.

I am afraid he would not have permitted his cousins to ride at all if I had not interfered in their behalf.

I think it was on that same evening, that Tommy's mother found, when she undressed him, short stubby white hairs growing out all over him.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Tommy?" she said.

"Do I do it, mother?" said Tommy, looking up at her, conscience-stricken.

His expression was so piggish, and at the same time so guilty, that his mother could only fold him in her arms and cry over him.

Tommy cried a little with her, for he was not yet all a pig.

"I do try sometimes to be good," he said, "but there's something inside of me that wants to have the best of everything; and I will kick and bite and squeak if it does not get it, and it is growing so fast."

At this time Tommy studied hard and played hard as well. There seemed to be no reason why he should not be a favorite, but whenever his name was mentioned there arose a chorus of "Pig! Pig! Pig!"

That Which Happened to Tommy.

None of the boys knew of his new growth of bristles, nor were they jealous of his high standing in his class ; but when he refused to lend Frank Somers his Arithmetic one day at recess Bob Jones said frankly :

“What a pig you are !”

Tommy had two Arithmetics and should have given one to Frank, as he was a poor boy. Instead of doing so, he teased him when he found him studying in Bob Jones' book, and the affair ended in a fight.

Tommy was well whipped. Bob Jones said Tommy could fight well enough, but that he lost his footing so often and stumbled so there was no fun in fighting him.

When Tommy took off his shoes and stockings that night, he found that his feet were horny at the toes and seemed to be growing hoofish. Fancy what a night of misery for a poor little boy to bear alone ! He took his poor little feet in his hands and tried to warm them, and so fell asleep.

When he awoke he hoped he had had a very bad dream ; but, even in one night, his feet had turned to pig's feet, and by the broad daylight there was no denying it.

He rose very early and dressed himself quickly, lest anyone should see his deformity. He filled up the toes of his shoes with rags, crying bitterly when

That Which Happened to Tommy.



HIS FEET HAD TURNED TO PIG'S FEET.

he found how hard it was to walk without stumbling. Once or twice he thought of telling his new misery to his mother, also about his selfishness toward Frank Somers ; but a bad voice in his heart told him not to, and he went down to the kitchen and kicked at the door instead, squeaking at the cook :

“Give me my breakfast. I’m in a hurry. I want to be off to school.”

He still kept head in Arithmetic, and wrote such a good composition that day that his teacher sent him to me with it for commendation. I praised it the more because his voice squeaked unbearably.

That Which Happened to Tommy.

"How is your mother?" I asked.

"She's in bed nearly all the time. I don't see her much now, she's too sick," he answered.

"The most unpleasant and ugliest child I have ever seen," said my sister before he had well left the room. My feelings were hurt again. I went to see his mother that day and found her quite ill. She told me the sad story of his new deformities and asked me to take care of him if she should never get well.

"There is no doubt about it," she said, "my poor child is very rapidly turning into a pig; and I cannot tell whether he is assuming this shape because he is selfish and yields to his piggishness, or whether, since he has in reality become half a pig, he cannot help behaving like one."

We mingled our tears together, and I promised to do all in my power to improve and protect him if this great misfortune should cause her death. She then sent a servant for Tommy as it was his bed-time; but he refused to come to his mother and bit and kicked the maid. So I went myself to see if I could influence him. I took him firmly by the hand and said to him, kindly:

"Your mother says you should be in bed by this time, Tommy. Don't keep me waiting, my dear."

He obeyed me very slowly and sulkily. It made

That Which Happened to Tommy.

me sad to see him creeping up-stairs on his hands and knees ; and as he fell down two little steps that led to his room I followed him to see if he had hurt himself.

"Tommy, you haven't kissed your mother good-night," I said to him as he rubbed up his bristly hair, having hit his head when he fell into his room.

"No, I don't do that ever now," he said.

"And why not, I should like to know? She is quite ill and wants to see you."

"I am a pig and nobody cares," he answered.

"How long have you been a pig?" I asked.

"It's been coming outside for more than a year. I think it began when I didn't want to give things to Jean and Will one Christmas. Now, I don't want to give anything — not to anybody, — and I don't care if I am a pig ; only people look at me, and the boys call me 'bristles,' and squeak when they see me coming."

It was mournful to hear his voice squeak when he was excited, and his hair seemed to stand up in a ridge on his head.

"I wish everybody was pigs," he grunted.

"Would you like me to treat you like a pig?"

"What would you do to me if you did, then?"

"I'd put you out in a sty, to-night, and have the

That Which Happened to Tommy.

plates scraped for you after breakfast to-morrow," I answered.

Tommy kicked and squeaked at my suggestion.

"You are not a real pig if you do not like sties and cold scraps."

"I'll bite you," he remarked.

"Perhaps you are a pig, then," said I.

"I'll bite you and mother and the boys, to-morrow ; and I'll root all their apples out of their lunch-baskets and gobble them up. I've been wanting to do it for ever so long, and now I am going to. And I'm going to mash all the Arithmetics and Grammars into the dirt and tear them with my teeth."

"You'll be a new variety of pig, then," said I. "I never heard of a pig that had a taste for walking on Arithmetics and Grammars."

"You'd just better get out of my room," he called from under a chair.

So I left his room, wondering whether I had hurt his feelings, because if I had he was not all pig — poor little boy !

"Tommy," I said as I closed the door of his room, "I want you to stop to-morrow as you go to school and tell me whether you kissed your mother good-night, for if you are really a pig I must know it, Tommy."

That Which Happened to Tommy.

"I won't kiss her or you ever again, you horrid old thing," he answered.

Mary was not at all astonished when I told her the story of Tommy's increasing piggishness. She said it was the sins of the father upon the children; and although she had never heard of a child who was outwardly changed into a pig she had no doubt it was a wise and good provision, — perhaps the only way to startle parents into the knowledge of the fact that many children were growing up in our midst little better than brutes.

Mary is stoical about the misfortunes of others. I made up my mind not to confide in her any more about the poor child. When I met him in the street the next day he wore an overcoat down to his heels, which covered him up entirely; but the yellow bristles on his face were quite evident, and when I sent a kind message to his mother he only grunted in reply.

I decided to go and see his mother, to advise her not to allow him to go to school any more, for everybody turned and looked at him and many made offensive remarks. In a few days I heard that he was ill with the measles and would probably die. I went to him immediately, as his mother was still confined to her room. He was in bed, alone in his room, a dreary object to look upon.

That Which Happened to Tommy.

"Water! water!" he squeaked at me as I entered the room.

"It's a good thing, Tommy," I said, "that your mother did not put you out in a sty that cold night, for a little boy must not take cold when he has measles."

"Does he die then?"

"Sometimes he does."

"Would I be sausages when I die?" he asked.

"No, because you are not really a pig, my child. You are very selfish and beastly, but you will get well if you are good and obedient; and you need not look like a pig any longer if you do not behave like one."

Tommy's answering grunt was violent but intelligent.

I gave him oranges and grapes and was pleased to see that he kept some flowers that I brought him in his hand, for pigs do not care about flowers.

I felt much better too, since I had explained to him that his restoration to health and to his own proper shape depended upon himself. That was my belief after much thought upon the subject, and I was quite sure that he understood me. I decided to stay and nurse him and his mother.

He had a high fever and was often delirious during his illness.

That Which Happened to Tommy.

One evening, the doctor said, "This is the crisis. He will die from exhaustion to-night or he will begin to improve."

I sat up all night and watched him very carefully. Towards morning, when I was bathing his hot little arms and neck, I noticed that the poor child had a weak weary smile about his mouth. I gave him a cooling drink and he said "Thank you." It was the first word he had spoken since the beginning of his illness.

I had become so familiar with his grunts and squeaks that I knew his wants by the noises he made; still I did not enjoy his kicking at me when he needed anything.

I feared that I was mistaken about his speaking pleasantly to me; it was almost too good news to be true, so I leaned over him and said:

"Dear child, drink a little more of this. It will do you good."

He opened his eyes and thanked me again.

"Why Tommy," I said, "how pleasant it is to hear your voice once more!"

"Where's mother?" he said, and turned over and went to sleep again.

When he awoke his mother sat by the bedside crying for very happiness, for a great change was coming over her child.

That Which Happened to Tommy.

He did not speak, but he was looking at her with the sweet soft eyes that he had when he was a little child, and there was a baby smile about his mouth. He seemed to feel the change himself, for he looked curiously at his hands and said at last:

“Was I a pig, or did I only dream it?”

“You were almost a pig,” his mother answered.

“And now?” he asked.

“And now, you are almost a boy. I think you will be a boy by the time you are well again.”

“If I don’t get well, give my slate and Arithmetic to Frank Somers and tell him he can have all my books,” Tommy whispered with tears in his eyes.

He talked very little because he was so weak; but it was pleasant to see his eye-lashes grow long and dark, and to see the soft rings of light hair on his little round head as he lay so helpless on his pillow.

At first, his schoolfellows did not recognize him, but that was because he had been disguised for so long that they had almost forgotten the real Tommy.

When once a boy has been a pig and is allowed to become a boy again, he is very careful to avoid anything piggish, lest the old sorrow should return; for it is unpleasant to become a pig, and disgraceful also.

LEFT-HANDED LUCK.

IN THE Meyenberg's house there were four bedrooms. In one slept the father and mother, in another, Barbara Katrina and Sophie ; in the third, Felix and Ludwig, and in the fourth, the maid Rosamond.

On Monday, the 27th of August, 1877, the day on which my story begins, Rosamond rang the first bell at half past six ; and, in doing so, she dropped it. She heard the children laugh as she picked it up, and Ludwig called over the stairs :

“ I say, Rosamond, which hand did you hold that in ? ”

Rosamond smiled and tossed her head, but she did not answer, and went back to her muffins and peaches in the kitchen.

When Mr. Meyenberg heard Ludwig call, he smiled, and saying, “ It is a good beginning ! ” laid down his

Left-Handed Luck.

right cuff which he was about to button on, and, instead, put on the left one.

In the children's rooms there was no little laughter. They kept a close watch on each other ; and he or she who put on a right shoe first, or held a comb in the right hand, was at once called to order.

Down-stairs, Rosamond burned her fingers and broke a cup ; and when she carried the eggs in her left hand, she let the basket fall, and the new carpet was spoiled ; and that, Mrs. Meyenberg said, was not lucky, nor was it a good beginning.

The children were all a little late ; for dressing had been unusually troublesome and unusually amusing.

At breakfast, the coffee-pot had changed places with the cups, and had gone to the left, and Mr. Meyenberg said that he would rather, in the future, have hash for breakfast ; he could use a spoon in his left hand very well, but it was not so easy to carve beefsteak.

When Sophie took her milk in her right hand, her mother told her to put it down ; and there was much fun over poor Ludwig, who spilt his coffee, who could not butter his bread, and who was, his father feared, fatally right-handed.

That noon Mr. Meyenberg had a check returned from bank because the cashier did not recognize his

Left-Handed Luck.

signature, it being written backward, with the left hand ; and at home, Mrs. Meyenberg gave up her sewing, as she was not able to use her thimble on a new finger. The reform in the family was very thorough. They not only used their left hand in preference to the right, but they would not use their right hand at all if they could help it ; and Barbara drove her music-teacher half crazy by playing the air in the bass and the chords in the treble.

Of course they had a reason for this sudden reversion of their habits ; and, possibly, it was, you say, some conviction that, having two servants, it was folly to keep one in idleness and to make the other do all the work.

Our two hands are exactly alike ; they have the same number of fingers, of joints ; and if the right hand has seventy-seven bones, so has the left. When the learned men talk of the *Biceps flexor* and the *Brachialis anticus*, the muscles of the left arm and hand have as much interest in their fine Latin names as those of the right. The ligaments in one are woven as curiously in and out as in the other ; the nerves feel, the blood runs, the pulse beats alike in both ; but we treat them very differently.

Our right hand has all the honor, and it does all the work. It writes our letters, carries our money,

Left-Handed Luck.

works our telegraphs, sets our type, carves, paints, sews, lifts, shakes hands, does our sums, draws our maps, cuts our magazines, raises the hat in salutation, puts the ring on the bride, and baptizes the children.

The left hand is allowed to help. It holds the fork if the right hand is occupied ; it lifts the lid of a box, it holds the nail for the hammer ; but when it is busiest, it is simply waiting on its brother. It wears the rings, and is generally weaker than the other.

We never allow it to acquire any expertness, and so if it ever happens that the right hand is disabled, it knows nothing. It has the same flexible joints, but they grasp awkwardly ; the seventy-seven bones are of little use, and as for the *Biceps flexor*, it turns out to be a very valueless muscle when work is in request. The left hand cannot sew, nor write, nor draw, nor set type, nor fire a gun. It is a poor reliance in the hour of need, and the only thing we can do is to call upon some one's else right hand to do what is necessary for us.

It is, therefore, easy to be seen that if the Meyenberg family thought it time to educate their left hands they were very wise.

But no, whatever reason they had for abandoning the right hand, the education of the left certainly had no influence with them.

Left-Handed Luck.

It might possibly, you think, have been on account of the connection the hands have with the brain ?

We have, you know, two brains, or, more properly speaking, one brain is divided into two parts, each perfect, each having its own work ; the business of the left brain being to direct the operations of the right side of the body, and of the right brain to care for the left side. In return, the hands and feet strengthen the brain as they use it. So you see, a learned doctor says, that if you never use your left hand, the right brain is weakened ; and when paralysis comes, it has not the same power of resistance possessed by the other, and so the left side is paralyzed.

Mr. Meyenberg had read all this, and had quite agreed with the learned doctor that we ought to strengthen both sides of the body and of the brain alike ; and as it is easy to understand that he would not wish any of his family to be paralyzed, this would have been an excellent reason for their using and educating the weaker half.

Yet this was *not* their reason.

It was for luck.

Left-handed luck ! The way of it was this. They had read, or Barbara had, and told them all about it, of Dr. Schliemann's luck, and how he won it, as the story has been told by Miss Kate Field.

Left-Handed Luck.

In the first place Schliemann was not lucky as a boy, although, when he was a very little fellow and lived at home, he must have had a pretty good time. Then he was petted, and his father told him stories out of Homer's *Iliad*, and he never tired of talking of Troy and persisting that, even if the city was destroyed — and that much he had to grant — the walls must still be in existence.

He did not care much in these days for stories of dwarfs or of mermaids, but the deeds of Hector fired his soul, and he would rather have seen Helen of Troy than any queen alive. These were, as I have said very good times ; but after awhile his father died, the family was broken up, and the little fellow had to go out into the world to seek his own fortune.

It did not seem to be a very good fortune that he found. His first venture was in a small grocery store, where he sold herring and cheese, went to bed late, arose early, and at last injured himself lifting a heavy barrel.

After this his master had no use for him. He wanted no sick boys about ; and so he discharged Schliemann, who now, penniless and ailing, set out very forlornly, to seek a better fortune.

He walked one hundred and thirty miles to Hamburg, begging his meals from house to house. **In**

Left-Handed Luck.

Hamburg he had a relative who put him as cabin-boy, on board a ship going to Venezuela. Here he was beaten, badly treated, shipwrecked, starved and miserable ; and so he never calls this a pleasant part of his life. At last he reached Germany again, and in Mecklenberg was so poor he feigned sickness that he might go to a hospital and be sheltered. There he rested for a little while, and wrote to his Hamburg friend who, this time, did better for him, and secured for him a situation with a merchant, for whom he copied letters, cashed money, and probably ran errands.

“ But now,” said Barbara, making a fine rhetorical climax, “ see how everything has altered ! He is rich, he is famous, he has discovered Ancient Troy ; and if he never did see Helen, he found her head-dress, and his wife had her own portrait taken in it ! When you consider that this was all luck, and all because he used his left hand, it quite takes the breath away.”

When her mother said that it might not have been all luck, Barbara appealed to Dr. Schliemann’s own words. He had said it was, and if he did not know, who did ?

The way of it was this : one day, while Schliemann was still poor and unknown, he met a man who owned a water-cure, and was very prosperous, but who once

Left-Handed Luck.

had been a tailor, and lived in the depths of poverty ; but those bad days were gone and now he lacked for nothing.

Well, he had a secret, but he was generous, and he told it to the little Schliemann boy.

It was certainly a very simple secret. Nothing more than to always use your left hand, your left foot, first !

The ex-tailor had tried it. He had put on his left shoe, his left glove, his left everything, first. He had reversed the order of life, and the generally neglected members of his body had rewarded him.

He had recognized their existence ; they had brought him luck. He prospered. He had given up the needle, and taken to the wet sheet, and the money came rolling in. " Now," he said, "*you* do the same. I began late ; I was fifty-seven years old before luck turned, but you begin *now* and have a fortunate life !"

Schliemann heeded his advice. From that moment his right hand played the second in everything, and if his right foot went first into a room it was called back and the left took its place.

At once he began to prosper ; and he now advises his friends to try the left-hand experiment.

Left-Handed Luck.

“It is easy enough,” he says, “and see what it has done for me!”

Now, I do not want anyone to interrupt us here, and tell how he studied at this time, and qualified himself for life! How he resolved to know English, and so how he went to work at it. It is true that when he ran, and when he walked, he carried his grammar and dictionary under his arm, he read aloud, he took a lesson every day, he wrote compositions upon Achilles, or Priam, or some such subject; he learned these by heart, and repeated them to his teacher. He lived poorly, and spent over half his money on his studies; and in six months he could read and speak English.

That was good luck!

Then he gave six more months to French, and as for Spanish, Italian, Dutch and Portuguese, he was such a fortunate fellow that six weeks was enough for each of these.

Then there is the story of his studying Russian. He had an idea that it would help him in life to be a linguist; but one day he found out that Russian was, after all, the one language he needed. The firm for which he worked wanted to negotiate with some Russians for indigo, but the Russians spoke no German,

Left-Handed Luck.

and no one in the town spoke Russian. What was to be done ?

“This !” said the left-handed gentleman. “*I* will study the language.”

And he did. He hunted up some old books and set to work. Here indeed was a task ! The language is very difficult. The books were poor, and, to make matters worse, were in “Old Russian.” But this last fact Schliemann did not know. Old and New Russian were alike to him !

In six weeks he was ready to write a business letter for the firm. He had not only studied night and day, but he had talked. He had no Russian with whom to converse, but he hired an old Jew for auditor, and for an hour every day the old fellow sat still and Schliemann shouted Russian at him. The Jew didn’t understand, but perhaps he liked it none the less.

The next thing that happened to this lucky fellow was the offer from his firm of a partnership in Moscow, with a capital of about forty thousand dollars.

Of course he took it — with his left hand, I suppose — and, left foot foremost, went to Moscow. Here he was lucky and unlucky ; but he made money enough to live easily, and, what is more, after a time to sail away to Greece and dig up Troy, and, as Barbara said, to find Helen’s head-dress in her tomb.

Left-Handed Luck.

It is not worth while to tell you how he worked to get his money, how he watched the markets, and how he bought and sold. He improved his memory, he learned to write a good hand ; when he was over forty he went to Paris to study History ; he came to the United States, and lived here as a citizen. He married a Greek wife who could repeat the *Iliad* from memory ; and in almost everything this eager, open-eyed, enterprising Schliemann was fortunate.

"It is nonsense," said Barbara, when she was telling them all this and more, "to say there is no such thing as luck, for there is. Now there are my canaries ; they always die, and Lydia Hanson always has such luck with hers."

"If you fed yours regularly — " began Felix.

"That has nothing to do with it," interrupted Barbara, speaking very decidedly. "I have no doubt Lyd often forgets her birds, but she has luck with everything."

"Yes," said her father, "there is Jim Bradbury ; you remember him, mother ? He and George Lynd were in Prince's printing office together, and they both used to say they meant to be rich ; and they would plan out together what they meant to do. They have never parted, that can be said ; but Lynd owns the concern, and has taken his family to Europe,

Left-Handed Luck.

while Bradbury is a pressman. Now if that isn't luck I don't know ; for one had as good a chance as the other."

And so they had. It was true that Lynd made a right hand of himself in the business, while Bradbury was content to be a left one, and do what he was told ; and even Dr. Schliemann would not say it was lucky to *be* a left hand.

Then there is Felix Meyenberg himself. One day he met a boy from St. Louis who said something about the North Pole.

"I mean to go there some day," said Felix.

"Why, so do I!" exclaimed the boy. "I intend to discover the passage through."

"So do I," replied Felix.

"It's very curious," said the boy, "how many people do care for the North Pole. People are all the time telling me something about it."

"No one ever tells me," said Felix. "I don't believe they would if I were in Greenland."

"I don't know why they shouldn't," replied the boy. "Why, I was once on a steamboat and I said something to a man about Polar bears, and he told me he had been with one of the parties, cooking for Sir John Franklin. We had a good talk, and he told me a great deal. As for newspaper scraps, I have a

Left-Handed Luck.

whole book of them, and it was only yesterday I saw something in a cook-book about keeping meat fresh that I thought would be useful."

"You're a lucky one," said Felix. "Now, I never see such things."

"Perhaps you don't keep thinking about them as I do. I remember once my father asked me if I ever thought how common salmon-color was, and I said, no, I *never* saw it anywhere, and he told me to count how many times I saw it the next day; and it was ten times."

"That was luck," said Felix. "You don't see salmon-color ten times every day,"

"No," replied the boy; "but that day you know I kept thinking about it."

It was natural, while the boys were talking upon such subjects, that Felix should tell his companion about Dr. Schliemann, his explorations and his luck.

"Well," said the St. Louis boy, "if I thought it would take me to the North Pole, I would tie up my right hand in a sling and make my left hand work for both. In fact, I don't know but I'd take to hopping and dispense with my right foot altogether."

"It turned Dr. Schliemann's luck, and I am going to try it, for one," said Felix.

Left-Handed Luck.

"It seems to *me*," said the St. Louis boy, "that Schliemann's hard work counted for something. But I often think of what my father once said when our Jim was complaining of his luck :

" 'Suppose you wanted to go to New York, Jim,' he said, 'what would you do?'

" 'Why, I would take the cars,' said Jim.

" 'Which cars?'

" 'The Eastern line, of course, — those going to New York.'

" 'You would not take the Southern or Western?'

" 'Certainly not,' says Jim.

" 'If you did,' says my father, 'you might get to New Orleans or to San Francisco, but I hardly believe you would find New York. I should call it good luck if you did. And, Jim, if you were to start without any money to buy a ticket, and were to get a ride in a Pullman all the way, I should call *that* very good luck indeed ; but if, while you were standing at the corner, wishing you had the money, and that I would let you go, you were suddenly to find yourself in front of the Astor House with a pocket full of silver, then words would fail me. To say *that* was luck would be tame.' "

"And so," added the St. Louis boy, "that is the way this *luck* often seems to me. If *I* want a bird in the hand, or the two in the bush, I find I have to just go and trap them !"

THUSIE'S FOURTH OF JULY.

IT was different from any other Fourth of July. There wasn't a man, woman or child in Bayfield whose blood did not tingle with a patriotic desire to "celebrate," not only because of the birthday of our nation's liberty, but for the glorious anniversary of old Bayfield town itself. One hundred years old on this day! Little Thusie Bassett wouldn't have been in the least surprised if the sun had stood still. It would only have been just what *ought* to have happened on this "Centennial Day."

The day was everything that *could* be desired. Early the crowds began to assemble and the village green was gay with the happy folk who came proudly from their simple homes. Was ever anything quite so fine — the singers marching into the dilapidated old church with their books; the tables in the grove

Thusie's Fourth of July.

of fine maples just a little distance off fast becoming resplendent under the fingers of ambitious matrons and rosy-cheeked maidens ; the grand new band, blaring and drumming so joyously that lazy farm-horses came hurrying up the steep hills to be there in time ; the little streamers of red, white and blue bespangling the harnesses ; the big flag floating from the church belfry ; the cannon booming on the village green ?

Thusie just clasped her hands and sighed. She had "run and raced herself most to death," as Aunt Martha observed, thus early in the day. She had fallen down and scraped the skin off from a large place on her knee ; she had torn a hole in her best frock ; but what cared she for such slight mishaps ? Was she not part and parcel of this glorious Fourth of July ? Tired as she was she swung her own small flag bravely, and glanced with pride at the little bunch of red, white and blue ribbons that Aunt Fanny had pinned on her white dress ; and then away she went again, her small figure curvetting and frisking in and out as she "celebrated" with the other children.

Well, the oration was over. What it was about, Thusie, for her life, couldn't have told. But the big words sounded fine ; and when, at the end of all the names which were conscientiously read by Mr. Slo-

Thusie's Fourth of July.

cum, the children by a preconcerted arrangement stood up and waved their flags, *didn't* she spring to her small feet! and *didn't* she wave her flag!

And the Township History — to the large-eyed child, crowded in on the hard bench, it was simply wonderful; and when her dear grandpa's honored name was mentioned, she thought she never should be tired of sitting there to listen. But, after a while, the prickles began to run up and down her legs, — oh, if she could only stick them out straight *once*! So she was not very sorry, after all, when the end came and the delighted people began to move about and draw long breaths again, and she could descend to the commonplace pleasures of an every day romp.

"Thusie, come here!" called Sarah Jones. "I want to tell you something. No, Nelly Smith, you ain't comin'! You'll go and tell!" And Sarah dragged Thusie off, and with an arm around her waist and persuasion in her voice she told of a secret — O, such a *great* one! — and enlarged enthusiastically upon it to the two or three other girls who were graciously allowed to join.

"Now you see, girls, this is what we're going to do. Don't you *never* tell — '*certain true, black and blue, hope I may die if I do!*' you must say; because, you see, it's a great secret."

Thusie's Fourth of July.

"O, no Sarah!" said timid little Frasier Newcomb, "that's wicked."

"Poh! no, you goosie! it don't mean anything."

What Sarah wanted them to say it for if it *didn't* mean anything, the girls didn't clearly see; but they repeated the magic words.

"There now! I can tell you with some comfort," said Miss Sarah, seating herself on the grass in a sheltered nook, which example was followed by the others till they formed a circle; then, in a low voice and with many mysterious gestures, she unfolded the wonderful news.

"Well, girls! you know the fireworks to-night?"

At this, Thusie gave an ecstatic little wriggle. Sarah gave her a push.

"Thusie Bassett, you sat on my toe!"

Then she went on: "Well, you all know we can't see anything on the Green, the folks crowd and jam so; so we *are going up into the old belfry!*"

"O!—O!" screamed two or three of the girls.

"*Sh!* if you don't want all the boys coming."

"But, Sarah, I don't see *how*," said one of the girls. "They won't let us. You know Deacon Smith said *nobody* must go up there; 'twan't safe, he said. He said the old shell would break through or tumble off, if a great crowd got in."

Thusie's Fourth of July.

"Anybody knows better than that, and besides, we ain't a crowd! I guess 'tain't coming down for five girls! And just think how we can see the rockets and comets from the big window!"

"It would be splendid," said Roxy Thompson, "but I should be frightened most to death, Sarah."

"And isn't there mice — and things?" timidly asked Lucia Russell.

Thusie said nothing. She knew her mother never would hear to the lovely plan. Besides, she was to go with the rest of the family to "Uncle John's." O, dear! if she could only do as she was a mind to, like Sarah.

"Besides it will be dark, Sarah," pursued Lucia.

"No 'twon't; it'll be as light's anything. Why, the fireworks go shooting up, *whiz! bang!* all through the sky," — and Sarah suited the action by an expressive fling. "I've seen 'em when I went down to Boston last year." And Sarah descanted on the glories and wonders in store for them till she got them wild with delight and ready for anything. Having a head for contrivance she had the plan ready for getting into the church.

"You know, girls," she said, "they've decided to ring the bell when they're ready to set off the fireworks. Well, when Joe Vance goes up to ring it, *we*

Thusie's Fourth of July.

must be all ready to creep up after him. He's awful slow, you know ; and besides, he'll be making such a noise with the bell he can't possibly hear us. And I'm going to have my pocket full of candy and we can sit up there and see the whole thing just *elegant* ! So, Thusie, you be sure and be here. We're to meet under the big oak tree. And Frasier, *if* you tell, there'll be the most awful things happen to you ! And Lu, don't wait to wash all the dishes for your Aunt Betsey ; she can do 'em for once. And Tildy —"

"If you want any dinner, come along ; they're all sitting down !" screamed Rob Davis, poking his head into their retreat with a whoop that made them jump.

Away they all ran, and fireworks and belfry were soon forgotten in the glories of that table — a real Fourth of July celebration table ! Flowers, pyramids of cakes with flags flying from the apex, cookies, tarts, iced loaves, — every cook had done her best.

Sunset was coming on before the last left the tables, and even then Thusie had scarcely thought over her promise. She only vaguely realized what a forbidden thing she and the others were going to do. I think if she had really and *fairly* reflected upon it, she would have refused to have anything to do with the whole thing and stood firm. "My think *always*

Thusie's Fourth of July.

comes afterwards," a little girl once said, and it's most always a *sorry* think!

Well, the sun went down, Great gold and red clouds came out all over the sky; there was one cloud nearly white, with deep red borders and a rosy centre, on the blue patch that had been so bright all day.

"See, it's put on red, white and blue!" called Henry Carter, and all the children rushed to see.

"**T**husie," said her mother, as she drew her little girl who was racing along with the others towards her, "I am going home now to put Gracie to bed, and when you get ready you run right along up to Uncle John's. Aunt Fanny went an hour ago, she was so tired."

Thusie's heart gave a naughty little leap. Was anything ever so convenient! Merry groups were already getting "the best places" for a good view. She knew it must be time to be at the meeting-place under the big oak. Away she ran with rapid footsteps and was soon under its shelter. She was the first one there, but in a minute Sarah Jones and Tildy Thompson rushed up and threw their arms around her; then Lucia came — all there but Frasier.

"Why don't she come, the stupid thing!" fretted Sarah. "There's old Joe crossing the Green, now; we *can't* wait for her any longer."

Thusie's Fourth of July.

That moment Frasie, panting and frightened, hurried up and was pulled into their shelter.

"What made you so late?" demanded Sarah.

"Oh! I couldn't help it," panted Frasie. "I had to run every step of the way. My little brother Teddy and cousin Augusta *would* come, and old fat Mrs. Brown wanted me to get her a chair, and then I tumbled down and —"

"Well, never mind," said Sarah, "you're here now, at last. Come, girls, now for it!" And with many a whisper and giggle they stole along under cover of the darkness after old Joe who was blundering up the stairs, making so much racket himself that he couldn't hear anything else.

"O, mercy!" whispered Sarah, "I ran my head into a horrid cobweb and it's all in my eyes."

"Sh! *Sh!*" And on they sped lightly.

"Frasie Newcomb, you *shan't* scream, *so there!*" A big mouse, unaccustomed to such interruptions, had flounced across the floor right across the children's feet. *Clang*—CLANG! clingity—*clang!* How queer the old bell sounded up here.

Joe they could see above them as his figure swayed back and forth, and they wondered how he could *possibly* get up there upon the rickety little ladder. Wasn't it delightful though, up in this dim forbidden

Thusie's Fourth of July.

spot — all shadowy nooks and mysterious recesses — lighted weirdly by the lurid glare from the firework stand outside. How queer all the people looked moving down on the Green.

“There’s Miss Priscilla Bascom,” announced Tildy with a soft giggle, “Ain’t she funny? My! look at her nose — it’s a yard long!”

“Yes! but O, see what they’re doing there!” whispered Sarah excitedly.

“Where? where?” said Frasier, trying to see.

“O, Frasier! you push bad as the folks on the Green,” grumbled Sarah, not moving in the least to accommodate.

Just then a most dismal noise sounded close which made them all jump and stare in each other’s faces in fright.

“Oh, what was *that*?” whispered Lucia, grasping Thusie’s arm.

Sarah’s black eyes began to protrude a little, but she said nothing.

Hush! Another awful noise that seemed to the frightened girls like thunder; *something* ran and pounced into a dark corner. They didn’t wait to see *what* it was; they sped and tumbled over each other to get to the landing below. Thusie’s lovely blue sash was grasped by Sarah’s sticky fingers, which had

Thusie's Fourth of July.

been greedily and slyly diminishing the promised pocketful of candy in the darkness above.

"Well!" gasped Sarah, when at last they reached the foot of the stairs, "I don't see what there is to be frightened at!"

"What — did you — come for then?" choked Thusie, who had scrambled so she could hardly breathe, let alone talk.

"Why, I didn't till you all started," snapped Sarah. "But never mind, here's a splendid place to see!" and she ensconced herself at once in the best corner of the big, square, front window. It was very dirty, being covered with dust and grime, not exactly the place that careful mothers would have selected for the holiday dresses of their children.

The grand show of the evening now began. The girls held their breath as they watched entranced in the dirty old window, crouching together very uncomfortably, trying hard to think they were having a nice time. And O! it was so warm and stifling.

"Phew! How close it is! Do open the window, Sarah!" gasped little Frasie at last.

But it wouldn't open.

"I wish we had staid out on the Green," wailed Tildy.

Suddenly Sarah screamed.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

"Why, as sure as you're alive, they're going round to the side of the church, girls, with that splendid wheel of liberty! O, *hurry, hurry, hurry!*" and she began to scramble down and pick her way over the rickety landing to the belfry stairs.

"*Wait!*" called out Frasier; but Sarah sped on. They could scarcely see her ahead. They had all they could do to follow her, and Thusie, being last and catching her dress on a rusty nail by the unlucky hole she had acquired in the early part of the day, had to stop outright and release it, and so was entirely separated from the others. Her mates, supposing her close behind, reached the front outer door and were soon scattered in various directions among their friends, and lost in the delightful enjoyments.

Thusie turned, after going down the stairs, the *wrong* way. Near the foot there was a closet, — a little old musty place for odds and ends — a place that very few knew existed. The door of this closet stupid Joe had left open when he went for a pole that was wanted; and Thusie, in her bewilderment stumbling along the narrow passage-way, turned into this door and fell headlong over an old worm-eaten stool standing in the middle of the floor. She struck her forehead with great violence on the floor beyond, and knew no more.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

And now the show was over. Everybody was getting ready for home. Old Joe was locking the church.

Couldn't any friendly hand rouse little Thusie? Aunt Fanny, safe at "Brother John's," supposed her with her mother on the Green. This was why Thusie wasn't missed by *anyone*. Couldn't *something* have whispered to the loving mother as she sat there in her low rocking-chair — kept at home herself from Uncle John's by sick little baby Gracie, crooning soft melodies into the fretful little ears — of the danger and loneliness that threatened her little Thusie!

The old church door shut with a bang. This it was, probably, that fairly roused Thusie from the swoon out of which she was slowly coming.

In those first dreadful moments Thusie never knew what she *did*. She groped her way out at last to the main passage. There was a window up to which she managed to climb and press her frightened little face piteously to the pane. From time to time, as she had groped her way along, she had called and shouted and then paused to listen. She soon began to realize this was of no use.

"Oh, dear! I don't believe I ever *could* have hated Uncle John's," she sobbed. "Its just the *loveliest* place!"

And then the bitter tears dropped down and rolled

Thusie's Fourth of July.

all over the soiled little cockade that had been so gay and patriotic in the early morning. Thusie was a child of great common sense. She knew nothing could actually *harm* her in the old church, and darkness had never for her any of those keen terrors that invest it with such horrible dread for other children ; but remorse reproached her sorely.

She said over all her prayers, even those of her babyhood. And then she watched and waited. It seemed to her hours, but, in reality, it was only late bedtime through the village ; the lights, one after another, went out, and all were peacefully settling for the night. . . .

What was *that* ! Surely nothing but a mouse nibbling at the old wood-work. Again. *That* was no mousie ! Thusie would have said she smelt something burning, only she must have been dreaming. She pinched herself to keep awake. But no ! there certainly was a little flame of fire shooting up its determined tongue right there on the very roof of the porch. Locked up in an old church, with the fire that had somehow caught from the fireworks and been smouldering, until now it had broken out ! All the people at home and in bed !

Thusie knew enough to realize that the old weather-beaten structure could never withstand the test.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

If she could only ring the old bell ! But Joe always put up the ladder and secured it by a hook when he finished ringing. She rattled the window ; she screamed ; she crawled to the door and tried with all her might—which was quite considerable now—to shake it ; *anything* to make a noise.

She could see the fire slowly growing bigger. What was *one* flame had now become *two*, with a swift increasing velocity that threatened the whole building.

“Oh, dear ! I *wanted* fireworks, and now I have got them,” moaned Thusie.

Still the awful crackling as the dry timbers took fire, and the smoke began to come in through the big cracks. She flung herself down on the floor ; she could *not* look up any more.

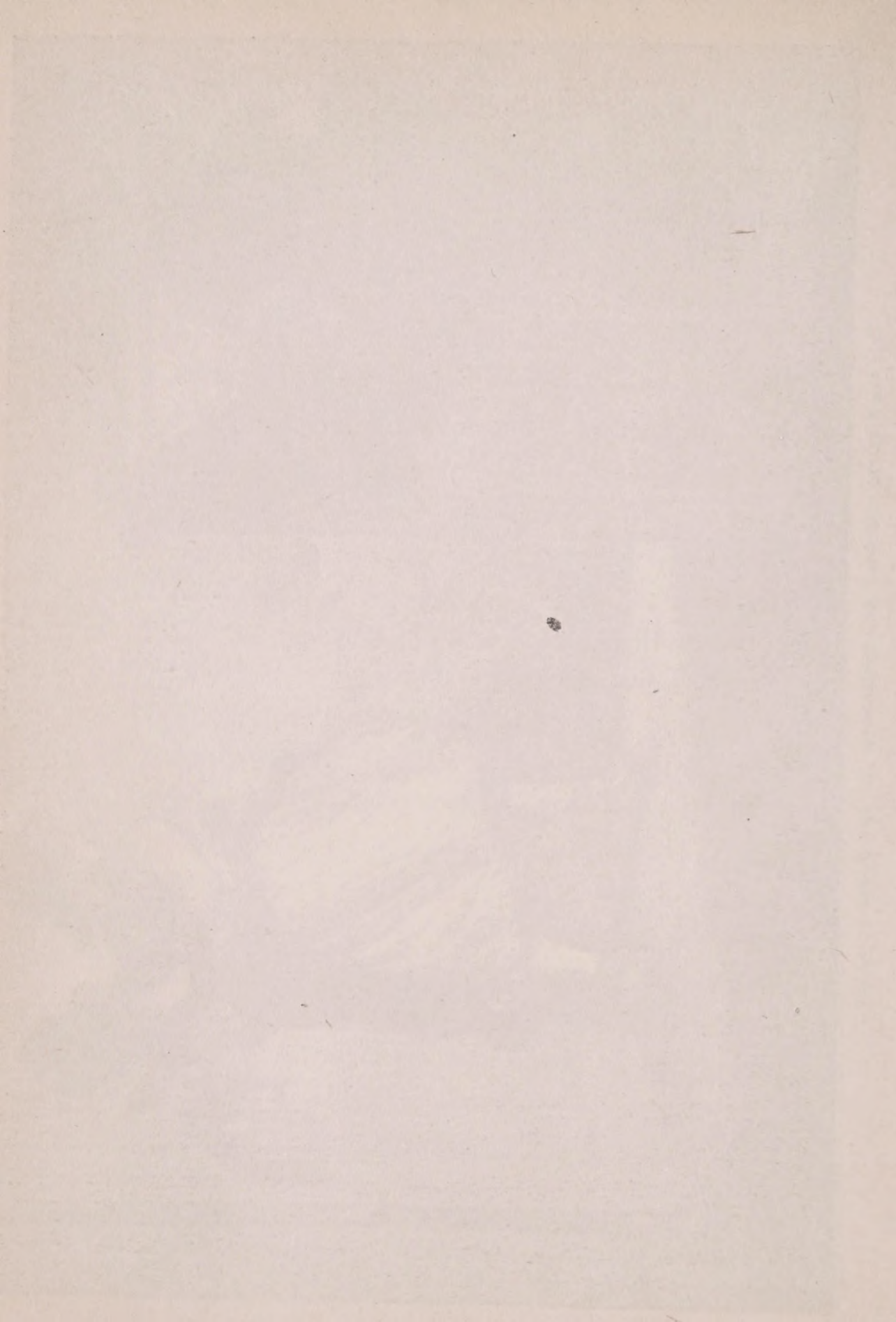
“*Fire ! fire ! The church is on fire !*” in what seemed to Thusie the voice of an angel, rang through the stillness.

It was Farmer Brown going home late in his wagon. The old church porch was wreathed in flames when his first wild cry rang over the startled village.

Thusie rushed back to the window. She felt the hot rush of the flames pushing in at the cracks and the rickety window. The light of the bright fire fell upon her white dress, whiter face, and disordered hair, making a strange picture ; but she was not dis-

SHE CRAWLED TO THE DOOR AND TRIED WITH ALL HER MIGHT TO SHAKE IT.





Thusie's Fourth of July.

covered yet by the excited crowd. At last Job Sawyer, a stalwart rough blacksmith, but with a heart tender as a child's, cried out :

“ Why ! there's a little *gal* up there ! ”

All eyes were turned then up to the window, and a second's pause fell upon them all. Then Job sprang upon another man's shoulder, swung himself up to the railing, and with one blow from his powerful fist shattered the window to fragments. He grasped Thusie, passed her to the trembling crowd below. Thusie heard the voices about her as in a dream.

“ Why, it's little Thusie Bassett ! ”

“ Sakes alive ! how did it happen ? ”

“ What if it had been *my* Jane ! ”

“ Where's her mother ? ”

She only knew she was in her father's arms — safe *now* ! And she knew no more until in her own dear home she came to herself with a great gasp ; and there she was, looking into the blessed face of her mother. And six simple little words were on her lips, unuttered, involuntary, but never forgotten, never annulled : “ *I will always mind my mother !* ”

BOBBY'S SHIRTS.

"**M**OTHER, *mother!*" called a complaining voice from the top of the stairs; and pleasant little Mrs. Nash left the rosy bacon and golden eggs she was frying, and going to the stairway door, answered:

"What is wanted, Bobby?"

"A *s-h-i-r-t!*"

"You don't mean to say, Robert Nash, that your shirt is missing again?" And Mrs. Nash, in her excitement, threw up her hands, and the fork she had been using dropped and the tines stuck up in the floor.

Charlotte left the steaming, mealy potatoes she was peeling and ran to the stairway door. Harriet came also with the loaf of bread in her hands. Sarah joined the group with a dish of pickles; while

Bobby's Shirts.

Mary, appearing on the scene with a plate of cheese, was confronted by Martha with a plate of butter, and Emeline with a pumpkin pie.

"What's up?" cried Captain Nash, entering the kitchen with a pail in each hand. "Where are the wimmin folks? The house is full of smoke. The cat's on the breakfast table with her head in the milk pitcher, — *s-c-cat!* you cat. The dog is at the cheese-curd, — git out, Lion! git out, sir! A hen and chicken in the bread-tray, — sho, sho, *sho!*"

The six girls scattered as their father came up saying:

"Ain't that boy up yit? There's no tellin' what mischief the cows will git into. I turned 'em out more'n an hour ago. Come, come, boy! git up."

"I would have been up," whined Bobby from the room above, "but I hadn't any shirt to put on."

The captain's bearded chin dropped as these words came floating down the little dark back stairway.

"He shall stay in bed with nothin' ter eat till he owns up about them shirts! He's plannin' ter run away to sea or somewhere, an' he means ter have shirts 'nough ter last him a three years v'y'ge; but I'll starve it out on him!"

"He will have to lie in bed anyway," sighed Mrs.

Bobby's Shirts.

Nash, "for he has nothing in the world to put on, and there must be a shirt made for him, and company coming, too," and she pulled the tines out of the clean white floor.

"I should think there might be sumthin' mustered up for that boy to put on for a shirt," said the captain.

"His shirts are all gone again, father," said Charlotte, the eldest, "and there's no use scolding or whipping him, for that don't bring them back."

"Gone!" put in Harriet, "I should think so. Old ones and new ones, flannel ones and cotton ones, fine ones and coarse ones; and all father's old ones, as well as my two white sacques and Sarah's short night gowns, and every other garment that belonged to any one of us that could be made to do duty as a shirt."

"I believe," said the more practical sister Martha, "that he sells them for peanuts or candy, or something of that sort."

"Nonsense," bridled up Emeline. "Bobby is no such kind of a boy; he is just doing it for fun, and of course the missing garments must be in the house somewhere. I intend to take another good look, and *find* them this time, if I have to overhaul the back-chamber and garret," and away she ran up-stairs and into her brother's room.

Bobby's Shirts.

"Now, bub," said the good-natured sister pleasantly, "if you will tell me where you have hid all those shirts, I will bring you up a nice breakfast unbeknown to any of the folks."

"I dunno," whimpered poor Bobby. "I hope to die if I do."

"I don't believe he does know," thought Emeline. "Bobby is a conscientious boy and he never would have said 'hope to die' if he had hid them shirts or sold them for peanuts and candy." So she drew from beneath her apron an egg and ham sandwich done up in a paper, and handing it to Bobby left the room without a word.

The hungry boy barely had time to make way with the welcome offering when he again heard steps upon the stairs. He curled his bare arms and shoulders under the bed-clothes and peered out disconsolately. It was Charlotte this time.

"Now if you will tell me without any teasing, bub, where all your shirts are, I will bring you up a lunch."

"I dunno, no more'n the dead, sissy," and Bobby began to cry as he added emphasis to pathos. "I hope to die and choke to death if I do."

"Dear me, how you do talk," said Charlotte, and hearing the stair-way door open she slid a handful of cookies and a slice of gingerbread under her broth-

Bobby's Shirts.

er's pillow, and slipped out into the shed chamber just as Sarah appeared in the little room.

"Now, Bobby," she began —

"Don't you ask me another word about them plaguey old shirts," shouted the now thoroughly irate lad. "I hope to die and choke to death, and never breathe another breath, if I know what has become of them ; and I should think I had said so times enough. And if you want to see me starve to death right before your eyes, all right ; but I don't think *I* should allow one of *my* sisters to be treated in this way."

This appeal was so pathetic that the sedate Sarah brought forth from the folds of her dress a mince turnover and a generous cube of sage cheese.

"Good for you!" cried Bobby, seizing with alacrity his favorite viands ; while Sarah meeting Mary in the hall told her that she began to believe with old mother Whipple that Bobby was bewitched.

The girls, each in turn, had carried up a dainty lunch to their only and much petted brother, now in durance vile ; but for all that the forenoon dragged for the always active boy, and he sat up in bed and listened eagerly as, about noon, there floated up to him from the front of the house the little bustle of an arrival. Presently, one of the girls put her head in the door of his room to say that it was Aunt Louisa



HE SAT UP IN BED AND LISTENED EAGERLY.

Bobby's Shirts.

and the twins, Jared and Jason, and that they came in the Westford stage.

"Where is Bobby?" demanded the two somewhat uproarious boys. Their cheery voices rang through the capacious and substantial farmhouse, even to the little ell-room and bed wherein was curled the culprit, just now in a fearful state of impatience, while below, his mother and sisters were explaining the condition of affairs to the visitors.

"I suppose the twins can go up and see him," said Mrs. Nash, "but he can't get up just yet. Sarah has been to the store with some eggs and bought some cotton cloth, and Emeline has cut out a shirt, and the girls have all lent a hand as each had a spare moment, but it is not ready to put on."

"My boys have got shirts enough," said considerate Aunt Louisa, unlocking her big trunk; and soon Jared and Jason were mounting the stairs, two steps at a time, shouting each jump as only wide awake boys can.

"The poor boy will be glad to get up to dinner," said his mother. "He must be hungry enough by this time."

"Haven't you had anything to eat to-day?" asked Jared, eyeing Bobby curiously as he emerged from the bed and drew the neat little snow-white shirt over

Bobby's Shirts.

his head. Bobby laughed, put his finger on his lips, then raised one of the fluffy white pillows, disclosing under it, between the folds of a newspaper, the remains of his lunch.

"They've all brought me a bite except mother, and she would have been glad to only she wouldn't dare to disobey father. I 'spose she's dreadfully worried for fear I am hungry."

Here the dinner-bell rang. The advent of the aunt and cousins operated towards the enlargement of the prisoner, of course; and it only needed the gracious assent of Captain Nash to cause the appearance of his little son at the table. Bobby partook so very sparingly that his mother thought he must be ill; but his antics with his cousins reassured the tender-hearted little woman, as they left the good farmer's generous table and ran capering off to the big barns.

"Now, cousin Bobby," said Jared, "tell us about your shirts. Are you really saving them up to take with you when you run away; and where are you going? Tell *us*, won't you?"

"I ain't a-going to run away," cried Bobby in a fretful tone, provoked as he could be that the dreaded subject must be thrust upon him even by his visitors. "I hain't no idea of runnin' away and I never **had**;

Bobby's Shirts.

and I hope to die and be shot and scalped and skinned and drowned and have hot lead poured in my ears, if I know where them old duds *are*. And now I hope y will believe what I say and not talk



SARAH, MEETING MARY IN THE HALL.

no more about them *shirts!*” And Bobby turned a neat somerset on the hay-mow, and astonished the twins by jumping off upon the clover bay below.

“Is there any good place to go in swimming around

Bobby's Shirts.

here?" queried the cousins, when Bobby appeared at the top of the long ladder, which was made by pins inserted in the post.

"Oh, heaps of them; but our folks are so afraid I shall go near them that they make themselves miserable all the time. I don't s'pose you'll believe me when I tell you that I've never been in swimming in my life. O, don't I wish I could once! I would dive and swim like *this*." And, putting the palms of his hands together above his head, with an Indian whoop he plunged again down from the great beams upon the fresh, loose clover, where he kicked and squirmed and went through all the motions of swimming.

"Come on, boys, and see how cool and fresh the water feels. I'm the great American champion swimmer and diver and floater! I can float, strike out, dog-paddle, and swim under water! Come on, I say."

"There he is again," said Emeline to her Aunt Louisa. They had entered the broad, cleanly swept barn floor just in time to witness this last performance. "He is bewitched, too, on the subject of swimming. He reads everything he can find about swimmers and divers, and is perfectly wild about the water. If he was not such a remarkably obedient boy

Bobby's Shirts.

we should be in a constant terror lest he should be drowned. But father has positively forbidden his going into the water, and Bobby would never think of breaking one of father's rules."

"I tell you, Aunt Louisa, a boy with six sisters, all older than he is, is an object of pity anyway," said Bobby, landing in a flying leap from some unexpected quarter and turning another of his remarkable somersets on the barn floor, to the delight of the twins and the consternation of his sister.

"If I start off fishin'," went on Bobby, "I'm ordered not to go near the water; if I want to go hunting they hide father's gun and ammunition; if I jump they cry out I shall be lamed; if I want to take a ride they implore father to keep the horse in the barn. I might as well be a wax doll and done with it for all the fun I'm allowed to have. I can't really *do* anything — I have to make believe! So come on and see my cannon," and with a shout the three boys disappeared in the orchard.

The cannon proved to be a huge log, from which the bark had been peeled long before so that it was bleached to a snowy whiteness. Half of its length was hollow. Bobby drew a long walnut pole from its hiding-place beneath the log.

"This is the great revolving Gattling gun," said he.

Bobby's Shirts.

"See me load her now. This is my ram-rod," and he went through his manual of artillery loading and firing, the twins lustily shouting "*bang*" when he pulled the cord he had affixed to the make-believe hammer, and thinking it fine fun.

"This old log might be loaded and split with real powder," said Bobby. "It would make a tremendous noise, but, oh, dear me! the girls would have a fit at the bare mention of it. I tell you what it is, boys, it's pretty hard on a feller to have to be used as well as I am. The fact is, I am just killed with kindness. I know it's nice to have sisters to fix you up and curl your hair and help you get your lessons and to take you visiting and tell just how to be nice and sweet and pretty, but a boy must have some boy's *fun*."

When night came, the three lads teased so hard to be allowed to share the same room that Mrs. Nash made up Bobby's bed as nice as she could, with two extra blankets and pillows, and, at an early hour, tired out with their afternoon's frolic, they went to bed.

About midnight, Bobby astonished his cousins by getting out of bed and opening one of the chamber windows.

"What's up?" drowsily asked Jason, rousing up and turning over with a groan.

Bobby's Shirts.

"Hush!" whispered Jared, getting out of bed in his turn. "Don't you see he's asleep? Look at his



LET'S SEE WHAT HE WILL DO.

staring eyes. Let's see what he will do."

The moon was at its full and was shining directly into the room, so that the boys could see almost as well as in broad daylight. Bobby deliberately got out of the open window upon the flat roof of the ell, crossed it, swung himself into the limbs of an apple-tree in near proximity, and from them descended to the ground.

"What one boy has done another boy may do, al-

Bobby's Shirts.

though the first boy is asleep and insensible to danger," whispered Jared, as, followed closely by Jason, he slipped quickly to the ground. "Come on!" And away the three white-robed figures sped in the sultry night.

Well, Bobby gave his pursuers quite a race. Through the garden, the orchard, and a strip of meadow, along beside an old stone fence, in the shadow of a wood, until he came upon that very same log, the "Revolving Gattling gun" of the afternoon.

Bobby paused beside the old bleached log lying so still and glistening in the bright moonlight, stripped his borrowed shirt off over his head, rolled it carefully into a wad, then, putting it into the opening of the hollow part of the log, he pounded it snugly home with the long walnut 'ram-rod', which he very cautiously replaced under the fringe of high grass beneath the log. He then went through all the motions of firing the 'gun', after which he climbed upon the top of the log, and walking to the highest end, placing his hands above his curly head, palms together, he leaped off down into the heavy, dewy grass, and went sprawling about after the fashion of the afternoon performance,—"swimming under water," the poor boy ploughed his head along in the grass; and swimming "dog-paddle," he turned upon his

Bobby's Shirts.

side and kicked and pulled himself on in the direction of the farm-house. His strength, doubtless, now almost exhausted, he rose and retraced his steps to the garden. Regaining the roof by the same means as he descended from it, he quickly ran across it, scrambled into the window and immediately curled down between the sheets, the twins close upon his heels at all points.

Jared and Jason had arranged their plans for the morrow as they were following Bobby through the meadow ; and soon the trio were fast asleep.

The twins were awakened in the early morning by Bobby cheerily shouting :

“ Hello, boys, *your* shirt 's gone slick and clean ! ”

His look of utter bewilderment was so funny to see that the twins could not help laughing immoderately. The folks below, who were also astir early that morning, came trooping up to the boys' room in answer to Jared's lusty calls. Bobby's mother looked grave, Martha and Sarah cried ; but Aunt Louisa presently brought another shirt, and then the three boys were soon in hot pursuit of the cows that had broken into an adjacent corn-field.

Breakfast over, there was a great deal of confidential talk between the twins and their mother on the front piazza, followed by her going out to the barns

Bobby's Shirts.

where her brother was still at his chores and begging him to allow the boys to split open that big log with "real powder."

"I've been thinkin' of havin' it done for some time," said the farmer. "There's a cord o' wood in that log at the least calculation. But I haven't the time to see to it myself, and I don't want to trust the boys at the business; but if they can get Dennis Gould to help them and see that they ain't careless with the powder, I don't care."

So the boys ran off to the village and soon returned with Dennis, with a whole wheelbarrow load of augurs, beetles, wedges, axes, screws, and a quantity of blasting powder and fuse. It was nearly dinner-time before the charges were loaded ready to fire off.

The family were invited to come down and stand on the sand knoll under the big hemlock, at a safe distance from the log, and see it "touched off." The pieces of fuse were lighted, and then the boys and Dennis ran as fast as they could and joined the little group on the knoll. The fire flashed and smoked and sputtered, but made steady progress. When the fire reached the charges, there was a pause for a few seconds; then there was a grand explosion, the huge log rising up in the air, whipping over, and falling back clove straight through in two piec-

Bobby's Shirts.

es. How they all scampered down to them — the girls as well as the boys! And how they all wondered and exclaimed when they saw Bobby's multitudinous shirts lying about in little mildewed wads!

Bobby was as much surprised as anyone, you may be sure, and listened with open mouth and staring eyes when Jared and Jason related the story of his midnight exploit.

"Now, girls," said Aunt Louisa, "I hope this will be a lesson to you, and teach you that a boy will never grow up to be a strong, healthy, fearless, useful, *manly* man unless he is allowed to indulge moderately in innocent boyish sports."

Well, the girls did realize that their pet brother had, all this time, been in much greater danger from his sleep-walking than he would have been had he been suffered to learn to swim and indulge in other recreations with his mates in the day time.

And, truly, never again was Bobby known to walk and "carry on" in his sleep, after he was allowed to have some "real fun" instead of "make-believe."

HER LITTLE LIFE.

WE all remember that Wednesday afternoon. We Ashbel children had good cause to remember it.

[You see it was our grand-uncle Ted who was telling the story, and we were all down on the rocks by the river, listening.]

Marion, had taken it into her head to trim the play-house with georgeous sun flowers. She was hanging the gray roof and the red chimney and the low eaves with the great yellow things. Louis was reading—he usually was. He glanced up to say to Marion, “It’s like Katherine’s house in the German tale, when she bought out the two tin peddlers.”

“I remember. And she hung pails, and pans and basins all over everything.” And Marion aimed a big brown-and-yellow disk at the top point of the light-

Her Little Life.

ning-rod. She missed three times and then succeeded. "There, I knew I could," she cried triumphantly.

Our play-house. It was a real out-door house, though the smallest one, I dare say, that you ever saw. It had been a doctor's office once, and it stood by itself out on the side hill among the apple trees. I used to think in those days—I still think in these days—that it was the jolliest place a lot of youngsters ever had to get up a good time in. We were allowed to make all the noise we pleased out there, and we made a great deal. There were but five of us. Neighbors who knew us only by the hearing of the ear supposed there were fifty.

The play-house had two rooms hardly bigger than closets. One of them had shelves up and down the back side. In the doctor's time these had been filled with jars and vials and messes. One corner still smelled of creosote. We divided the shelves. Marion, who was the oldest and tallest, had the top one. She arranged it in a suite of rooms with festoons of rose-pink gauze for her dolls. Marion was a good house-keeper, so Dollydom was usually in order. The next shelf was Bruno's, and looked like ruin let loose all the time. He had a cage for live stock, and so his small beasts and bugs and things were caged or run at large on that shelf. Lou kept his books on

Her Little Life.

the one below, and there was open war in the camp sometimes : for example, one night when old Pink-eye, Bruno's white mouse, with her fifteen children broke jail and fell upon Lou's volumes of Grimm, and nibbled out the whole entrancing story of "Snow-White." The shelf below held my water-wheel, and steam-engines, etc., while the short, lower one was Daphne's. Daphne was the youngest, a little fat, jolly thing in those times. She had on her shelf a box for her puppy, and a basket for her cat, and as the two didn't agree she put up a big volume of Flavel's sermons for a fence between them.

I've told you enough for you to imagine the play-house. What you never can imagine is the fun we had in it. Papa and mamma and the grandpapas and grandmamas. We had a full double set of 'em, not to mention one great-grandmother eighty-five years old, and the jolliest one of us. All these charming people "liked to see young folks enjoy themselves ;" and that meant making a tremendous noise. Why, one day we raised such a din that the fire company with Engine No. 3 came thundering down the street to our garden gate, and went away cross when Bruno explained that we were only playing "The Great Fire in London," a drama which our brother Lou had written.

Her Little Life.

Honestly, I suppose we were a precious nuisance to the neighborhood. I believe if there had been an earthquake, or a nitro-glycerine explosion, people would have dismissed the noise as "nothing but those Ashbel children," and would have gone about their business. There was one wheezy old select man who used to threaten us with the Riot Act, but he never got to the reading of it.

On that particular Wednesday afternoon our great-grandmother had come down to the play-house to visit us. She was now asleep in her wheeled chair in the corner.

"I believe I'll just drop off a little," she had said. "You need'nt try to be quiet, children. You know happy noises never disturb me."

And so the dear old creature "dropped off" into a sound slooze, and never knew when Marion fastened a sunflower to each of her broad shoulders, nor when Muff crept on to her knee and went to sleep, nor when the old mud-turtle snuggled up against her foot to meditate.

Bruno was making a small yoke out of a bit of ratan, Daphne and I were helping Marion with the sunflowers, and Lou was reading out loud, reading in a high key, screwing up his nose, and rolling his r's prodigiously.

Her Little Life.

"R-r-rats! They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheese out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' ladles."

Then all at once just as Lou came to the lines,

"Drowning their speaking with shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats,"

there was a piteous wailing mew. Bruno had taken the kitten for purposes of his own, out of great grandmamma's lap.

"Bruno, you shan't do that!" cried Daphne, "I won't have my kitty yoked up with your rabbit."

"O, Daffy-down-dilly, be lovely now," answered Bruno as though he were putting on a poultice. What he was doing was to push the kitten's head into a place too small for it.

"I don't want to be lovely. I want my cat." Daphne's foot came down with a stamp. In a rage she was a small tempest. "Muff hates Bunny, and he is the hatefulest rabbit I ever saw. Bruno, I say!"

Bruno in his smoothest tones made answer.

"Don't let your angry, and so forth." Then there was another mew, a scratching, a scampering, and he finished his sentence with, "Ugh! go it then, you miserable creetur! Scat!"

The kitten had taken matters into her own claws it

Her Little Life.

seemed, and she was off and away up the shelves.

“O, kitty, kitty,” screamed Daphne, “you must *no* go up into Dollydom. Fair Rosamond thinks you are a roaring lion, and she’ll die of scare.”

“Never mind, Daffy,” said Marion good-naturedly. “Rosamond isn’t at home.”

But Muff was already on the top shelf, and her mistress was up after her, clinging and clinching hand over hand as though the shelves had been a ladder.

“You monkey,” said Bruno, laughing.

I remember I stopped with a sunflower in my hand to watch her. She had captured the kitten, and was coming down ; Lou was saying, “Let’s rig up a tight rope for her to dance ;” we were all looking on in admiration when suddenly — we never knew how or why — there was a misstep, a crash of shelves and a fall !

“We’re in for it now,” said Bruno as he saw Mistress Pink-eye and her family scattering in sixteen different directions.

“What is it ?” asked gran’mamma, waking, and Marion ran to Daphne.

“I’ll help you up, Dilly. Did it hurt you much ?”

But Daphne only moaned, and begged us not to touch her, and Marion turned white.

Her Little Life.

"Bruno, run and call mamma. She is hurt." And then we all were frightened. It wasn't much of a fall as we measured things. I had tumbled out of a second-story window once, and hadn't minded it; and Daffy herself had broken her collar-bones so many times that she made nothing of that; but this must be something different. We knew it must be when we saw how she lay there a little pale creature gasping and moaning. Mamma too looked frightened when she came in with papa. They two together took Daphne up though she screamed fearfully, and then we followed them, a scared, silent procession, down through the orchard and across the garden.

The house was hushed and strange that evening. There were doctors coming and going, and the door of mamma's room was shut, and all we knew was what papa told Marion, "Daphne had injured her spine."

"The spine is the back, isn't it, Marion?" I asked; and when she said, "Why, of course," I felt snubbed and sleepy. It rained I remember, and I took Muff and went off to bed without a lamp and wished I had been born a purring cat and not a wretch of a boy whose sister had "injured her spine."

It was a day or two after, that Marion got us all together down in the play-house and showed us a

Her Little Life.

paper tacked upon the wall. It was written all over and headed with :

“Because our sister Daphne is sick and cannot bear noise, therefore :

“*Resolved*, that we must not do these things. Slam doors, run up and down stairs, whistle, sing or talk loud in the house. We must not shout anywhere on the grounds, we — ”

“Look here, Marry,” said Bruno when she had read so far. “We mustn’t, and we mustn’t, and we mustn’t! I say it’s hard lines if a fellow can’t scream outside the house. Why, I suppose I can’t turn a sommerset over the foot-board of my own bed, perhaps?”

“Indeed, you can’t, Bruno. It would jar the whole house. And Daffy can’t bear a jar.”

“O, bah! I was sick myself once. Measles, the worst kind, and the whole pack of you made just as big a hullaboo as usual.”

“But this is different,” answered Marion patiently. “Doctor Innis says Daffy has hurt her nerves in some way. I don’t know what that means, but this is true, she can hear every little sound, like the clock ticking away down in the dining-room. And she can’t bear the odor of a flower anywhere about, and when kitty sat on the sofa and washed her face, it put her into

such an agony that they had to carry Muff away. It is awful, the pain she suffers, not like measles at all."

"Well, then I'll tell you what, Marion. We shall have to play still plays, and you — I'm thinking you'll be obliged to talk less."

"Yes, I shall. Papa told me so this morning. Not a bad thing either," she added with sudden humility.

I believe Marion and every one of us began to see, even then, that we must try to overcome our faults, try to be quiet instead of noisy, gentle instead of rough, *for another's sake*.

"Tomorrow will be Ted's birth-day," said mamma, a week later. Ted was myself you know. "If Daphne sleeps well to-night, you may all go into her room in the morning."

It was a clear day, the sun brightening up everything out doors and in. We mustered in the library. Mamma came down looking rather pale, winking suspiciously, and tucking her pocket handkerchief out of sight.

"Now you are not to speak, you know. Just look at her and come quietly out again. Are the shoes all off? Look cheerful."

So every one of us smiled a forlorn little smile, and followed mamma. An open door, an orderly room



POOR DAPHNE!

Her Little Life.

- with squares of sunshine lying out on the carpet, in the middle of the chamber a white bed, white pillows, and a pair of great blue eyes looking out of a thin white face—these were what we saw. Those eyes and that pale face were our Daphne.

Well, we filed in. Every one had carried her a little gift. Marion went first with a pot of maiden-hair fern, Bruno had his hands full of juniper sprays, because the red berries were so pretty; and Louis carried a bright purple stone which he had found. As for me, I took in, of all things in the world, a pair of new boots. I was sure Daffy would like to see anything which was so beautiful to me.

But when I saw her so sad and strange, plump cheeks and dimples and pink all gone, I forgot my boots, forgot orders, forgot everything but my grief. I just dropped down on the carpet beside the small bed and blurted out:

“O, you poor old Dilly, I never loved you so hard in all my life. Never!” and then I had just time to snatch the corner of the counterpane and kiss it, when I was caught up and hustled out of the room by the nurse Celia.

“Master Ted, I must say ’t I’m ashamed of ye!” said Celia, down stairs.

I was ashamed of myself, and I said so, and added,

Her Little Life.

"But I couldn't help it, not if you were to kill me, Celia," and I sobbed.

"Kill *you*. Taint a question o' killin' *you*. It's poor dear Miss Daffy 't you've got to think on."

But it was a great comfort to me afterwards that I did kiss the counterpane.

"I wonder if she is going to die," said Louis.

No, Daphne did not die ; but she never stood on her feet again. From that time forward she was chained to that bed there in our mother's room, the long years through, always there, and always the same patient suffering little creature, how suffering and how patient we none of us knew until we grew to learn in ourselves what patience and suffering really meant.

So we minded our resolutions written and posted in the play-house ; we learned still plays, and O, we learned a great many things. By and by we used to go and amuse Daphne by playing in her room, and then we found out how to talk low, without whispering, to laugh without shouting, to walk quietly without tiptoeing, and to give Daffy her medicine without clicking spoons and glasses. Watch your uncle the doctor in a sick room, and see how gently he does everything. That is what I mean. But Bruno was an awkward sort of fellow, always stumbling against

Her Little Life.

the furniture like a great tumble-bug, before Daphne was hurt.

As for me, I had an Apollyon of a temper in those days, and was fond of flinging myself on the carpet, and banging my tough skull against the wall when I was vexed. This wouldn't do under the new dispensation of course, and so I remember once or twice running a mile to the woods for the sake of kicking a certain steady old birch tree in order to vent my rage. But that didn't last long. A mile race shook the blood out of my head into my heels, and improved my state of mind.

We had days of going off to the woods, all of us, and having a noisy time after the old fashion, but somehow we were always glad to get back home again, and go softly up to Daphne's room. It was a sort of shrine to us, a little bit of heaven with the dust and the wrong doing all shut out.

Well, we grew older and were sent away to school and to college, and still Daphne lay those summer days and winter days just the same, only that it was a longer bed now, and the face on the pillows wasn't a child's face any more, but the eyes were those of a young girl, and O, with such a look in them! Such an expression of endurance and love, — of suffering put down — of course I can give you no idea of it,

Her Little Life.

but I always thought when I looked into Daphne's eyes of the words, "To him that overcometh."

After I went to college and got away from home and from Daphne, I wasn't — well, I wasn't the best kind of a fellow, you see. [Uncle Ted looked down, then raised his eyes to Aunt Amy ; that's his wife who smiled across at him from her seat under the old willow, and he went on.] I got into some scrapes and finally they sent me home for a while. Don't you think I hated to go up into Daphne's room then? O, how I detested myself! But she, the little white saint that she was, she put out her two hands to me saying, "And now, dear, you're going to tell me all about it?" So I dropped down on my knees by her bed and told her everything, and then — she said a few words to me — and — well I shall not forget them in this world.

There isn't much more to tell. There came a year when she grew weaker, and whiter, and gentler, than ever. When Bruno came home from Europe where he had been in a medical school, he looked very grave about Daphne. We were sitting beside her one night — it was just after I graduated, and after Marion was married, and she said something in her sweet way about having been only a trouble all these years, and Marion cried.

Her Little Life.

"O, Daffy, don't. Why, we owe everything to you." And Bruno added :

"Never say that again, dear. Just think what a set of young Apaches we were when you took us in hand. I'm nothing to boast of, but if there's the making of a man in me I've you to thank for it."

"I truly don't know how your father and I could have brought up these children without your help," spoke mamma.

I was sitting with Daphne's hand in mine. It was an August night something like this, I remember, with the clematis in bloom down by the river, and a new moon just setting over Graylock. I saw the eyelids droop lower, and just as the dusk was lost in the dark I said quietly, "She is asleep."

Bruno stepped to the bed, bent over and listened. Then he touched her wrist and instantly glanced with startled eyes across at our mother.

"O, mamma!" he cried, as though he had been a little boy, you know, and not a grown-up doctor. "O, mamma!"

Uncle Ted's voice stopped short here. Then he sprang up and walked away from us into the shrubbery. The next minute Aunt Amy was gone too, and presently we heard the unlocking of the boat at its moorings below us. Then we saw it slide out from

Her Little Life.

the shadow of the wooded shore into the wide levels of the moonlight beyond, and we could hear Aunt Amy's voice singing something low and sweet.

No one spoke for a little—then, after a while, Kitty, our four-year-old, drew a comical sigh and said seriously :

“O, I'm so glad that bad little boy kissed the counterpane.”

A "MIS'BLE" DAY.

MAMMA ! mamma Alice ! I'm mis'ble 'n lone-some. It's a mis'ble day. Miss Davis has gone and hided, Dicky won't sing and Betsey is fractious. Why wasn't I two little boys 'stead of one ? Then I could play with the other one and be chifful all the time. 'Tisn't any fun playing with yourself when you are the same little boy. If I had been two twins what would you have named the other of me, and which one of us would you have loved best ? ”

Poor mamma Alice ! It was a “mis'ble day” indeed. A cold easterly storm beating against the windows on one side, and Trottikins' salt tears dripping down upon the sill on the other.

She looked up from her sewing and across the room at the small and somewhat roly-poly figure of her son, and sighed, — sighed most dolefully ; for it

A "Mis'ble" Day.

was made evident by every word, look and motion of that small individual, that he was not only "mis'ble an' lonesome," but that he was thoroughly and wretchedly cross.

"Trottikins," she said gently, "why don't you play with your Noah's Ark? Bring it here by me and I will play with you."

"I don't like No Zark. The sheep are as big as the elephants, and the paint all scrubbed off the people's faces when I put 'em in a Deluge in the wash-bowl the other day. I wish I had something new to play with. I wish I had a little baby sister like Harry Colbron's. I wish I could put on my rub-boots 'n go 'n splosh 'round. What's the use o' having rub-boots 'n keeping 'em in the shoe-closet all the time? If you had rub-boots, mamma Alice, you'd want to wear 'em some, too, 'n not have 'em all crack up with dryness!"

Mamma Alice looked at the little figure again. Such a disconsolate little figure as it was with the snarl of string hanging out of one pocket of the comical little short-legged trousers, the wrinkles on the white forehead and the tear-streaks on the smooth cheeks! (Trottikins has the peculiarity of always crying grimy tears.) Such a pitiful little figure with the strip of red flannel around its throat!



"IT'S A MIS'BLE DAY!"

A "Mis'ble" Day.

"Trottikins," she said, "I would much rather that the boots should 'all crack up with dryness,' than that my little boy's throat should become worse. Come here and sit down by me and let me tell you about 'Jack and the Bean-stalk.'"

But Trottikins looked at her sidewise under his long eye-lashes and was obdurate.

"I don't want to hear 'bout Jack. I don't want to hear any stories. I don't feel story-hungry to-day. I don't want anything there is in this whole house. I want it to clear off so't I can go out 'n play. I think it's real MEAN, I do!"

"Trottikins!"

One of Trottikins' little shoes came against the wall with startling force as he made that last statement, and mamma Alice's blue eyes gazed at him very gravely and sorrowfully.

"Where is my good, gentle, little boy gone this morning?" she said. "I am sure he was with me when I first awoke; but now I don't see him anywhere, and a naughty little spirit has come to take his place and make his mamma's heart ache. Tell me! where has my little boy gone?"

"I guess I'll go and see Betsey," said Trottikins, evading the question and walking very straight across the room, "p'raps she's got good-natured again by

A "Mis'ble" Day.

this time. Anyway, I guess she'll be more p'lite to me 'n you are. You called me names, you did mamma Alice, and papa Fred told me the very other day that 'twas the unp'litest thing anybody could do to call names, and I guess you'll feel or'fly sorry bout it by-'n-by." And so the door closed behind him, and mamma Alice was left alone.

Presently a loud burst of weeping was heard from the kitchen, together with Betsey's voice raised in earnest expostulation. Mamma Alice rose from her chair with a wearied little sigh and went out to discover the cause of the outcry ; and, on reaching the kitchen door, she was met by Betsey holding Trottikins by the shoulder, — and such a Trottikins ! Were it not that tears had made a portion of his face visible, mamma Alice would have had hard work to recognize her child, for from head to foot he was as white as flour could make him.

"I just took my eyes off him for one minute, ma'am," explained Betsey, "and the next thing I knew he had whipped into the pantry and was in the flour barrel head first, with just his feet sticking out."

"I was just a-trying to reach some flour with a spoon, to make a cake for Miss Davis," said the culprit gaspingly, wiping away his doughy tears with his



JUST A-TRYING TO REACH SOME FLOUR WITH A SPOON.

A "Mis'ble" Day.

floury knuckles, "'n 'twas so far down I had to get up in a chair, 'n the chair slided away. That's how 'twas, mamma, 'n Betsey ought to have taken better care 'o me 'n then I shouldn't have done it."

And then mamma Alice, with another sigh for the sewing she so wanted to finish that day, devoted the next half hour to the task of metamorphosing this doleful and altogether disheartening little image before her, into her own rosy pretty Trottikins again. And to Trottikins' credit be it said, that, being for the time completely cast down and subdued by his misfortune, he endured the dusting, washing, and combing and brushing which fell to his lot, without a murmur or complaint.

"Now, Trottimus," said his mamma very seriously, when the last trace of his misfortune had been removed from him, "I am going to put you up-stairs in my chamber for half an hour, because you disobeyed me and went into Betsey's pantry where I have told you never to go." And so she took one chubby hand in hers, and very slowly and sorrowfully they went up-stairs together.

"I will ring your little bell when the half hour has passed," said mamma Alice as she closed the door "and then if you feel like being a good boy you may come down." And so she left him.

A "Mis'ble" Day.

The half hour passed very wearily and slowly to mamma Alice, for it always makes her heart ache to punish Trottikins, even when he is naughtiest. But at last the thirty minutes were gone and she went to the door and rung the bell, — but no Trottikins appeared. Again she rung it, then again ; and then a little voice said pleasantly :

“ You needn't mind 'bout ringing it again, mamma Alice. I am coming down presently, but I'm pretty busy just now.”

“ Busy ? ” What could the little mischief be doing ? Mamma Alice did not stop to think, but ran up-stairs as quickly as possible — and what a sight it was which met her eyes !

On the pretty little Persian rug before her bureau sat Trottikins, his face glowing with a triumphant smile behind the bars and blotches of darkness which ornamented it, — with mamma Alice's bottle of French Dressing in one hand, and the dripping sponge in the other.

“ I thought I'd just fits my shoes a little,” he said, in no way discomfited by her sudden appearance ; “ but the blacking runs 'round or'fly, 'n I guess I've got a little on my stockings, too.”

And then mamma Alice sat down on the floor in despair ; for, not only had Trottikins got a good deal

A "Mis'ble" Day.

more than "a little" on his pretty striped stockings, but every article of furniture and raiment within his reach was onamented with it, in splashes and dabs and spots and streaks and spatters, and Trottikins, from the tips of his little pink ears to the toes of his



WHAT A SIGHT IT WAS WHICH MET HER EYES!

ruined stockings, looked as though he had been indulging in a shower-bath of ink.

When papa Fred came home at noon, he found mamma lying on the sofa in the sitting-room, with the

A "Mis'ble" Day.

blinds closed and the curtains down, and her head bound up tightly in a large white handkerchief, while Trottikins sat beside her, quiet and penitent, in the character of chief nurse.

"I've plagued mamma or'fly," he announced with becoming gravity and contrition. "First, I whited myself, and then I blacked myself, and then I split her head. Betsey said I should if I didn't stop crying. But I'm or'fly sorry, papa Fred, 'n I'm going to be a good boy till it heals together again."

And so papa Fred and Trottikins had a very solemn and quiet dinner together; and then papa went back down town, and Trottikins, reinforced by Miss Davis who had been discovered cosily sleeping in Betsey's clothes basket, sat down again beside his mamma and was still for fully two minutes. At the end of that time he grew restless, and gazing around in search of some employment he espied the great cut-glass cologne bottle which careless papa Fred, after bathing his mamma's aching head, had left within reach of his boy's little fingers.

"I guess I'll put some more o' that on mamma's hankfish," said Trottikins very softly to Miss Davis; and, sliding her out of his lap, he took the precious bottle in his two chubby hands.

Mamma Alice was lying half-asleep, with her eyes



DOWN UPON MAMMA ALICE'S PROSTRATE FORM.

A "Mis'ble" Day.

covered by a fold of the bandage around her head, and did not notice Trottikins' low remark; neither did she know when he mounted upon his stool in order to reach her more easily, and stood holding the bottle close to his breast with one arm, while with the other hand he struggled with the ground glass stopper. Miss Davis was the only one beside himself aware of his intentions or movements, and she preserved a discreet silence as she stood beside him looking up at him curiously.

The stopper was obstinate, as ground-glass stoppers are apt to be, and Trottikins' little fingers were not very strong. For a few minutes it seemed as though his efforts would result only in failure; but at last, the little fingers gave a suddenly effective jerk, the stopper came out most unexpectedly, and, at the same moment, the stool under Trottikins' feet slipped treacherously away, and down upon mamma Alice's prostrate form came Trottikins like an avalanche, — cologne-bottle and all, — while the stopper fell right between Miss Davis' green eyes and caused her to emit a sudden howl of surprise and anguish as she darted into the shelter of the regions of the sofa, there to wonder at and meditate upon her young master's suddenly hostile proceedings toward her unoffending and dignified self.

A "Mis'ble" Day.

A moment later mamma Alice, having partially recovered her breath, sat up very straight, dripping and dishevelled, and gazed hopelessly at her drenched and unhappy son who, — still grasping the cologne-bottle tightly, albeit it was totally empty and upside down, — stood before her.

"Frederick Malcolm Poindexter!" she began in a voice tremulous with emotion, — and then she stopped suddenly; he did look so very wet and wretched, and after all, he evidently meant to do her good instead of evil, and so she very gently took the empty bottle from him and sent him out into the kitchen to sit by the fire and dry his clothes; and then, after repairing as best she might the damage done to herself by the unexpected flood, retired into the folds of her handkerchief once more and tried to forget herself and her worries in sleep.

An account of what Trottikins did in that kitchen that afternoon would fill a volume.

He bumped his head climbing up on the table; he burnt his fingers experimenting with the stove draft; he accidentally dropped Miss Davis into a pail of water, and then upset the whole over Betsey's clean floor; he got some pepper in his eyes in a dispute with Betsey concerning the possessorship of the pepper-box; he sat down in the egg-basket which Betsey,

A "Mis'ble" Day.

for one short minute, had left on the floor, but which, fortunately, had only four eggs in it at the time ; he set the new whisk-broom on fire, brushing the grate with it while Betsey was gone for some coal ; and he fretted, and he fussed, and he teased, and he cried — oh, *how* he cried ! — until he was, as Betsey declared, “enough to try the patience of a saint !” until, at last, night came and he was borne up-stairs in papa Fred’s strong arms.

“Dear little mischief,” said mamma Alice softly, when the prayers were said and the heavy eyelids had closed slowly over the dark eyes, and she bent to kiss him.

And then the eyes came open with a snap, and a small, imperative voice demanded :

“Mamma ! mamma Alice ! tell me about Metax ! Was he a great giant with great big awful eyes and teeth as big as our front door ? Tell me about him, mamma Alice ; ’n was he or’fly cross ? Betsey said to-day, that I was ‘crossn’ ’n Metax !’ and then when I asked her who Metax was, she only laughed at me.”

But before mamma Alice could explain, the heavy lids conquered the bright eyes again and this time the victory was complete ; and Trottikins lay sound asleep with a smile on his face, — and the “mis’ble” day was over.

' MANDY'S QUILTING-PARTY.

LONG ago, "so long ago 'tis like a dream," there lived somewhere away up among the green hills of Vermont a little girl whose name was Amanda Brown. She was, at the time of which I am going to tell you, about eleven years old, old enough to have considerable sense ; she had that, but she had considerable mischief in her composition to counter-balance it, and was always getting herself into trouble. She was remarkably pretty, with a bright, beautiful complexion, warm, fun-loving brown eyes, and soft, close-curling hair. She had, no doubt, been told often that people thought her pretty, and like many other little girls who have been called pretty, put on airs accordingly. Little 'Mandy Brown was a favorite everywhere ; all her little pranks and capers were overlooked or laughed at just because they were kind-

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

hearted, sweet-tempered 'Mandy Brown's capers and pranks.

She had several sisters and three brothers. In those days little boys and girls often had very many brothers and sisters ; quite enough to have had a nice little party all by themselves every day in the year. Little 'Mandy, dear demure piece of mischief, was often the occasion of much mortification of pride to the older girls, who looked upon her as very much beneath them in worldly wisdom, because of her age ; and I am very sorry indeed to have to confess that sometimes our pretty, brown-eyed little 'Mandy was made to feel by her own sisters that she was a *little* girl, while they were *big* ones ; that she was to be "kept in place," wherever that was, and not expect to keep pace with them at all. She rebelled in her own little heart tremendously at all this ; nobody knew the storms of indignation that passed through her brain at being put off, nay, almost pushed off, because she was a little girl. Nobody ever dreamed of the ambition slumbering in her soul ; if they had, the knowledge might have saved them some trouble.

Her mamma alone understood her little girl's peculiarities ; and although she always gave the older ones all their due advantages, she never overlooked the younger ones, nor was she ever asleep to the ambi-

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

tions of Amanda. When the older ones were invited away, mamma often took 'Mandy with her to compensate for the coveted invitation ; and upon one occasion took her to a quilting-party.

In those days, making a quilt was quite a grand affair ; ladies puzzled their heads for weeks over the beautiful patterns they were to make out of thousands of little pieces of calico which they had been collecting for months ; and after all the pieces were put together into one beautiful whole, then came the grand work of spreading it out, placing the cotton, and quilting it.

We have grand receptions now, — balls and parties wherein to meet our friends ; just as elegant and fashionable was it then to meet one's friends at the " quilting," lend a helping hand to the pretty new quilt and assist at the social entertainment which followed.

So little Amanda went one day with her mother to a quilting-party. She listened to the gossip of the day, watched all the " lines " and " figures " drawn by the old, experienced quilters, and made up her mind, as she sat in a quiet corner by herself, about the beauties of quilting. Being always a little girl, or being always considered as such, was something she was not going to be contented with, not she ! She'd let peo-

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

ple know she was not *always* going to be set up in one corner of the house and talked about by the old ladies ! But supper came, and supper pleases little children ; it was only second in importance to the quilt ; it was the "*grande finale*" to the evening's entertainment.

Amanda was very quiet on her way home ; so quiet that her mother became anxious, thinking that she might not have enjoyed herself, and being rather suspicious of her quiet moods always.

Amanda vouchsafed no particular remarks about the quilting-party, except to make just one very simple remark :

" Mamma, why don't *you* have a quilting as well as Mrs. French ? I'm sure our house is as large as hers, and we can go right about patching up pieces, and Joanna can put the cotton in."

" Well, dear, when we are all ready and the pieces sewed, we'll talk about it."

" *I* like to talk about it *now*," said our little girl ; but withal she thought a great deal more than she said.

Amanda, with three sisters and one brother, went to a school which was a long way from home, quite two miles. They started in the morning, bright and early, with two baskets containing dinner. I think

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

tions of Amanda. When the older ones were invited away, mamma often took 'Mandy with her to compensate for the coveted invitation ; and upon one occasion took her to a quilting-party.

In those days, making a quilt was quite a grand affair ; ladies puzzled their heads for weeks over the beautiful patterns they were to make out of thousands of little pieces of calico which they had been collecting for months ; and after all the pieces were put together into one beautiful whole, then came the grand work of spreading it out, placing the cotton, and quilting it.

We have grand receptions now, — balls and parties wherein to meet our friends ; just as elegant and fashionable was it then to meet one's friends at the " quilting," lend a helping hand to the pretty new quilt and assist at the social entertainment which followed.

So little Amanda went one day with her mother to a quilting-party. She listened to the gossip of the day, watched all the " lines " and " figures " drawn by the old, experienced quilters, and made up her mind, as she sat in a quiet corner by herself, about the beauties of quilting. Being always a little girl, or being always considered as such, was something she was not going to be contented with, not she ! She'd let peo-

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

ple know she was not *always* going to be set up in one corner of the house and talked about by the old ladies ! But supper came, and supper pleases little children ; it was only second in importance to the quilt ; it was the "*grande finale*" to the evening's entertainment.

Amanda was very quiet on her way home ; so quiet that her mother became anxious, thinking that she might not have enjoyed herself, and being rather suspicious of her quiet moods always.

Amanda vouchsafed no particular remarks about the quilting-party, except to make just one very simple remark :

" Mamma, why don't *you* have a quilting as well as Mrs. French ? I'm sure our house is as large as hers, and we can go right about patching up pieces, and Joanna can put the cotton in."

" Well, dear, when we are all ready and the pieces sewed, we'll talk about it."

" *I* like to talk about it *now*," said our little girl ; but withal she thought a great deal more than she said.

Amanda, with three sisters and one brother, went to a school which was a long way from home, quite two miles. They started in the morning, bright and early, with two baskets containing dinner. I think

'Mandy's Quilting-Party.

no pleasure of their after life could equal their enjoyment of those beautiful summer mornings. Often they overtook other scholars, on their way too, with books and dinner.

"What has got into 'Mandy's head lately, I wonder?" says Joanna, the oldest.

"O, some of her capers, I'll warrant," says kind-hearted Mercy.

"Better let her alone till her own time for disclosures or we may all get mixed up," says John, breaking off some huckleberry bushes for the girls. 'Mandy ran along eating *her* berries as she picked them, her bonnet hanging about her neck, her flushed face betraying her to be in a dangerously thoughtful mood.

"Mrs. Bohannon says 'Mandy is the prettiest child in the neighborhood, but 'so queer' she can't understand her."

"Just like Mrs. Bohannon! She can't praise any one without a 'but' or 'if' to take away all the *good* she pretends to say," says John, bringing up such a large bundle of berry-bushes that they all concluded to stop a few moments and pick them into their baskets to be relieved of the bushes.

John always took 'Mandy's part, always covered up her "scrapes" and lightened her troubles, — always her champion, and she always his favorite.

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

" I suppose " says he earnestly, " that what she calls ' queer ' is ' Mandy's being so much smarter than Keziah and the rest of the Bohannons."

" Yes," says Mercy, " Miss Morse says she is the smartest scholar in school."

" Well, you know," says Joanna, taking a careful look around to see that her little busy sister is not within hearing, " you know ' Mandy does do so many things to mortify us in company ! She thinks she is as old as the rest of us and can do just what we do. Why, when George Blakely called by for me to go to singing-school the other day, I came into the parlor and there she sat with my new silk dress on, so long she couldn't take one step in it without holding it up, and fanning herself with my new goose-feather fan."

John nearly laughed all the berries off the bushes, and Mercy quite tipped over the dinner-basket.

" That isn't half so bad as she served me," says Mercy sobering at the recollection. " She thought mother ought to have bought *her* the new shawl instead of me, and Sunday morning when I was getting ready for church my shawl was missing, and so was ' Mandy, and I went to church in my old one, with fear and trembling, because I knew she was responsible for it, and when I got there, she was sitting up as

' *Mandy's Quilting-Party.*

straight as a statue and as innocent, with my shawl on, and reading the hymn-book."

"What did mother do?"

"Why, nothing, of course, 'cause 'twas 'Mandy ; if I had done it, or Mary or Martha or Abby, I guess *something* would have been done."

Mercy tried very hard to look merciful over her little sister's offences, but it is not half so easy to be merciful over our own trials as over other's.

All the berries were picked and made quite a dessert for their dinner, so they trotted on again towards school, but sister Amanda was nowhere to be seen ; she had been making good speed while the others were wasting time talking about her. When they arrived at school the scholars were all in place, in order, and the school was commencing morning prayers. Their first thought was for their little sister, but she was in her seat, rosy and innocent as usual. To-day was the last day of school for a week ; Miss Ruth Morse had engaged to teach in another town, and the new teacher would not commence immediately. John did not notice particularly, being with the boys, but the two older girls wondered during recess at the extreme friendliness of the scholars ; and Mercy said, "Something must be in the wind ; the girls are too good, by half, to-day." Joanna thought some of them

'Mandy's Quilting-Party.

must want their sums done for them, as she had noticed the same thing, and thought them, as Mercy expressed it, "entirely too good."

Fate—or was it their little sister?—decreed the loss of their baskets when they were ready for home. They searched long for them, but without success, till the teacher was ready to lock up and the shadows grew long behind the tall trees. As little sister never troubled her head about such things they were much surprised upon reaching home to find the missing baskets by the door-step. They had come home by themselves, all the other scholars, including 'Mandy, having left them to their search.

"Did *you* bring home the baskets, Amanda?" asked John. He always called her "Amanda" when quite serious.

"Yes," said she, trying hard to look dignified and to keep from saying more. With all her pranks, 'Mandy was too brave to tell a falsehood, and as little could she act one. It was afterwards supposed that she carried home the baskets purposely to delay the older sisters and John behind the others.

"Well," says Joanna rather impatiently, "the next time you wish to be so obliging, just let us know beforehand. Why couldn't you have told us and saved us all that trouble? You know we always

10
15
' *Mandy's Quilting-Party.*

bring them ourselves ; what on earth put it into your head all at once to do it ? " And Joanna walked up to her as if she were going to take off her head.

" Don't be so cross, Joey, dear. I can't answer all your questions at once."

" Mother, I do believe 'Mandy's up to some mischief. She has been in a brown study for a week."

Mother took a sharp, long look at her " queer " little daughter, and then said gently, " Well, well, Joanna, do let the child alone ; she'll come out all right."

" Yes, I've no doubt *she'll* come out right enough ; if the *rest* of us do we'll be lucky — just remember what I tell you ! "

" 'Mandy's all right if you let her alone," says her champion John. " Come 'Mandy and let's have a chase with old Pompey."

And away John and 'Mandy galloped with their old friend the house-dog.

One week from that day Joanna and John were sitting on the big, flat stone in front of the house, the morning's " chores " all done, talking over school affairs. School was to commence the next day, with the new teacher. Joanna and Mercy were busy about some sewing, but John sat idly enough, playing with old Pompey at his feet, lazy as his master.

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

Presently John exclaimed, "Look, Joanna, look down the road! I do believe the whole school's turned out, and all the neighborhood! I wonder what's up now?"

But there was no time to talk; slowly along the road, some distance from the house, moved a variegated mass of humanity; neither Joanna nor John could distinguish at first *who* or *what* it was. John shaded his eyes with his hand, and Joanna dropped "needle, thread, and thimble too," and raised herself to the top step to get a better look. Presently she cried out:

"John, it *is* the whole school!"

Mercy ran to call mother who was folding away some clothes into drawers, with little "curly head" as busy as a bee helping her. John continued to gaze in utter astonishment and Joanna was dumb. Surprise parties had never been heard of then, and the country was so thinly settled that a crowd of people anywhere was surprise enough.

"Why, what under the canopy is the matter?" said mother, into whose mind flashed visions of accidents, funerals, or some other dreadful thing. "John, go down to the gate and see what has happened."

But even as she spoke, a crowd of girls came up from the road to the gate, followed by nearly as many

' Mandy's Quilting-Party.

boys. John walked down to meet the foremost, and although he was too well-bred to betray his utter astonishment his good breeding did not find him any words at all to utter. Holding out his hand, he contented himself with saying, "Good morning, Betsey. Good morning, Keziah!"

"Good morning, John. Why do you keep staring at us so?"

"Well, I was a little taken aback to see you all here," stammered John, not knowing just what to say.

"Why," they said, surprised, "why, we've come to the quilting!"

"*The quilting!*" says Joanna, aghast.

"Yes," says Betsey French, their nearest neighbor. "We've come to the quilting, of course."

Fortunately, she was too much occupied with a brier which had caught on her dress to notice the consternation depicted in the faces of her entertainers, and she walked along leisurely, followed by the whole school of about sixty scholars, large and small.

The attention of the home quartette was now called in another direction. 'Mandy came along, smiling and radiant.

"It's *my* quilting-party, mamma," she chirruped. "I 'most forgot it. Haven't we something to quilt?"



MANDY'S QUILTING-PARTY.

' *Mandy's Quilting-Party.*

Let's put in some aprons, mamma, if we haven't got anything else, and quilt *them*."

"Quilting-party! Aprons! Child, what *do* you mean? *Quilting-party!*"

Poor mamma got no further, for the same moment she took it all in at a glance, and like a dear, good mother made up her mind to meet the emergency; and, without one useless word to the author of this "scrape," she went about her preparations.

But behold the little mistress of this affair!

"Good afternoon, girls. You are all well, I hope; and ready for the quilting, I see. Keziah, how do you do? Take off your things here, if you please. Lorena, I am so glad, *glad* you have come. Let me help you with your bonnets."

Once in the big parlor, overflowing at doors and windows, great was the chatter, great was the fun among the guests, and great was the delight of at least *one* member of the family.

Away in the kitchen pantry, with closed doors, were mother, John and Joanna, putting their heads together to carry all this through.

"John, for pity's sake do go out and try to help 'Mandy keep their attention till mother and I think what's to be done. Do keep them entertained some-

' *Mandy's Quilting-Party.*

way—set them all by the ears—I don't much care what."

John gone, Joanna burst into tears.

"Now, mother, I believe that girl will kill me! We shall never hear the last of this to our dying day." For Joanna's and Mercy's mates had been scrupulously invited by little 'Mandy.

"Well, well, we'll do something, only we can't stand here and cry about it. Call Mercy, and we'll have a quilting yet."

"But, mother! oh, dear! what *shall* we do? Where are needles and thread for forty girls, even if we find something to quilt? I'll never, *never* forgive this caper of hers!"

In about an hour, when the busy company was beginning to wonder where the quilt was, mother, with pleasant face, somewhat flushed, came in and smilingly invited the older girls "to the quilt" in the spare room up-stairs.

"My dears, we want you little ones to go out and enjoy yourselves in play while we 'old folks' go to work," she added.

A quilting indeed, but without the pretty patch-work, had been improvised by putting together two sheets; their stock of raw cotton had been exhausted long ago, but mother was still equal to the situation.

'Mandy's Quilting-Party.

They had nice white wool ready for the winter's spinning packed away in barrels. They had spread this as well as time and wool would permit, and with John's help the sheets had been tacked to the quilting-frames—always kept by housekeepers—and here was the result—a pure white quilt for little 'Mandy's own bed. Thread, coarse, fine, middle-sized, and all sizes, was wound off into little balls and given round to the zealous young quilters; and needles, coarse, fine, middle-sized, and all sizes, were also given round.

They were not so fortunate with the thimbles; but the merry little quilters wound papers or "rags," round the merry little fingers, and all went gaily as "the marriage bell."

And so the quilting commenced! No one worked so industriously as Amanda. How her needle flew! It was only equalled by her tongue. Not one whit did she falter in her duty. She regarded the family flutter outside as if it in no way concerned her.

Dear, loving mother! How she "put her hand to the plough!" A basket of big red apples pacified the younger ones for a commencement of the afternoon's fun. A neighbor had been sent for, and between them how the doughnuts multiplied! how the pies covered the tables! and how the cookies and

'Mandy's Quilting-Party.

dumplings and little round white biscuits popped into view every few minutes !

At six the quilt was done ; and a warm, soft beauty it was. They had it bound with strips of red flannel for want of a better binding ; but they all declared it set off the white beautifully, and all were delighted, even Joanna. They had quilted it in roses, diamonds, leaves, and all the other fantastic shapes considered necessary for fashionable quilting in those days.

'Mandy had not once been down-stairs to inquire about "refreshments," but, calm as ever, she led the way when mother asked them all down into the big, hospitable-looking kitchen, which was nice and clean enough for anybody's sitting-room, where was spread a most bountiful repast.

The sun was setting in fair rosy clouds when the quilters bade 'Mandy and her sisters good evening and started for home. John had taken good care of the boys among the nests, squirrel houses, brooks, hiding-places about the barn, and all over the farm, and they all set off in great glee. Amanda, to be sure, felt a little disappointed that mother did not allow them to stay later in the evening as they did at the older "quilting bees" ; but, this being the only drawback, on the whole she congratulated herself on

the success of her party. Indeed, none of the guests knew for a long time that the party had been an impromptu affair.

When mother and John and Joanna settled themselves with tired fingers, hands and backs, to talk over the affair after the others were in bed, in spite of all the worry and vexation, they agreed that it had been a happy afternoon for all, and they were delighted with their unexpected quilt, which they decided should not be used but kept for 'Mandy when she should be a grown woman.

And so it was ; and to this day three old ladies get together sometimes, and, talking over old times, grow young again over little "'Mandy's quilting-party."

WHY DIDN'T HE CATCH A FOX?

SAM THOMPSON himself knew why very well. The whole school knew, too, and that was the reason why Sam had a horror of the whole subject.

Sam lived on a hilly farm in Western Pennsylvania, and had peculiar opportunities for catching woodchucks. Probably he had captured as many of these animals as any other boy who ever believed that his destiny was simply to fetch the cows, carry in wood, run on errands, and be driven around generally.

But what glory is there in catching a woodchuck? They have little, short legs, and are not particularly sly; and Sam often said it was "a poor lummix of a fellow" who couldn't catch one on a fair race in an open field. Anybody could find a woodchuck, and, if he tried, could catch it. Sam himself had reduced the catching of them to the dignity of a high art. He knew exactly how to prepare a forked stick, and pull

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

them out of a stone pile ; he could tell to a bucket-full how much water it would take to drown one out of a hole in the ground ; and could calculate with the exactness of science how long it would take to start a fire in a hollow tree and smoke one out. Yet, to his mind, there was very little glory in it ; “for,” said he, “anybody, who isn't a dunce, ken catch a wood-chuck !”

He longed to catch a fox. The fox is sly and swift of foot, and it would be a certificate of his skill to catch one. He knew the Lindsay boys had traps set in a dozen places to catch them, but he inwardly despised that way of doing it. His notion of the business required the boy to chase the fox to his lodge in the depths of the woods, and then dig him out, drown him out, smoke him out, or pull him out with a forked stick. He couldn't see for the life of him why a fox ought to be so smart that a good, shrewd boy couldn't catch one. Yet he never had caught one. In fact, there wasn't a boy in all his acquaintance who ever had, excepting one of the Lindsay boys. He had caught one in a trap, but that didn't prove that the boy was smart. If it proved anything it only proved that foxes are not so sly as they have credit for being.

Sam had put in a tiresome summer—a hot, op-

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

pressive one, — which he thought would never wear itself out. The boys on the hilly farms of Western Pennsylvania have a universal opinion that summer never glides off gently into autumn, but that it just wears out. Indeed, there seems to be an opinion among them that it would never even wear out if it could only wear the boys out first. But then, in most conflicts, one side has to yield sooner or later, and as the boys wouldn't the summer had to.

The summer now referred to had been for Sam a perpetual round of fetching the cows, running on errands, carrying wood and water, and doing things that nobody else would do. He believed the men in the fields had formed a conspiracy against him, and just poured the water out. If they didn't, how was it possible for so few men to drink so much water? A hundred times he wished he was a steam-engine — a lightning-express. "Then," said he, "I betchee they wouldn't always be sayin', 'What made you stay so long?'"

But the summer wore out at last, autumn came, and was now fast gliding into winter. The buckwheat was threshed, and Sam had got the dust of it well out of his nose and eyes and ears and hair; the potatoes were dug, and he was through stooping over the basket to pick them up; the turnips were pulled, and his



HE GOT DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES.

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

back was nearly well again; and the district school was about to begin for the winter term.

One night Mr. Thompson said to him, "You see, Sam, school begins next Monday. Now I want you to take charge of the calves and sheep at the 'lower barn,' and carry in the wood, and that's all the work you'll have to do. You can go to school every day, and I want you to study hard, for I want to make a scholar of you."

This meant, of course, that Sam was to learn as much as possible in the three or four months of the winter school, and then "just make the dust fly" on the farm the rest of the year.

The "lower barn" stood in just such relation to Mr. Thompson's house and the school-house, that Sam could attend to the calves and sheep on his way from school by walking a little more than twice the distance he would have to go if he went directly home first. It was therefore arranged with the teacher that Sam should always be excused about half an hour before the school was dismissed for the day. This enabled him to make the trip, attend to his charge, and get home and carry in the wood before dark.

Presently the ground received a beautiful coat of snow, and the piercing days of winter came on.

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

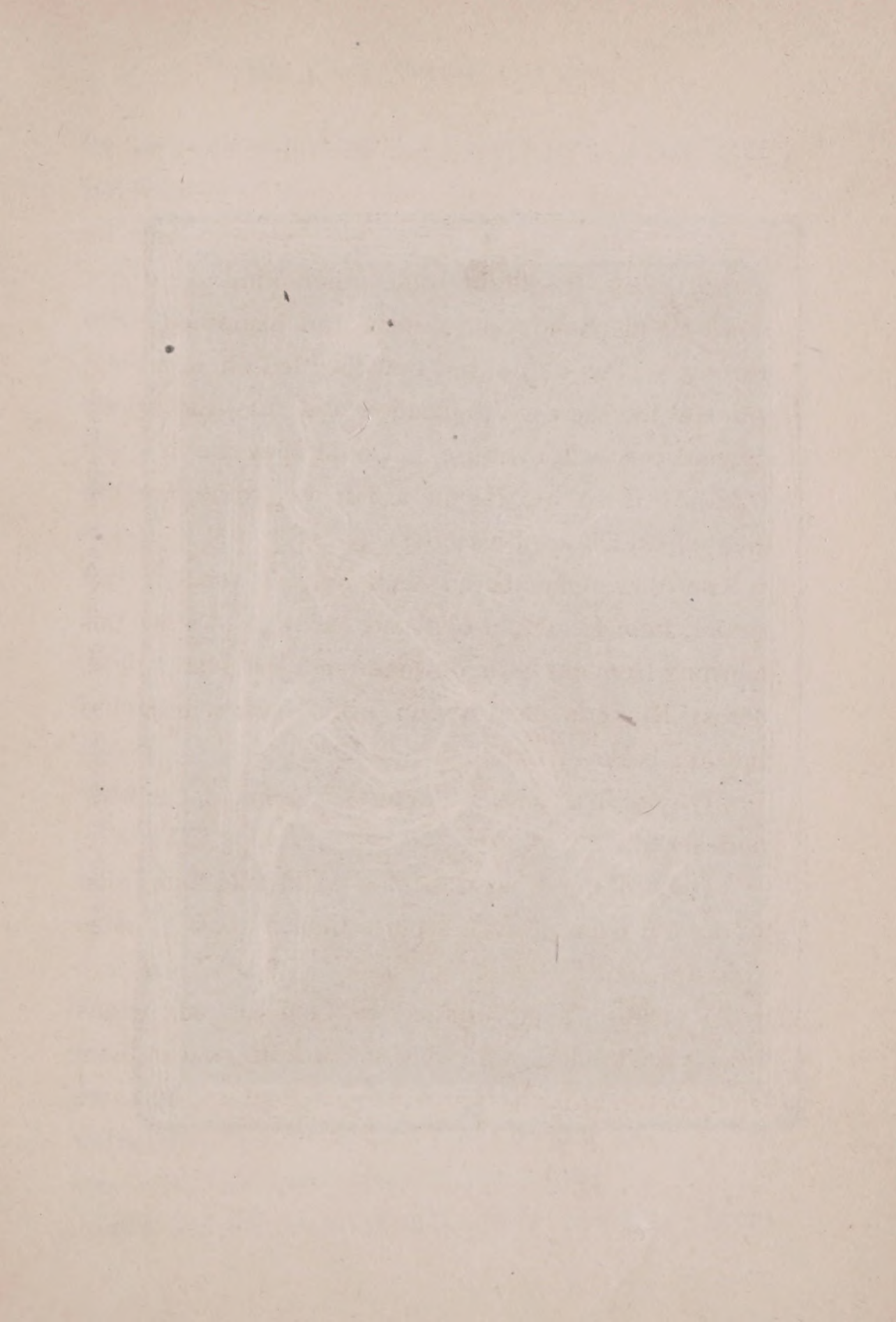
Soon Sam saw that the snow about the "lower barn" was traversed with little paths, and he discovered that they were made by rabbits. Before long he found a few tracks of some other kind. He got down on his hands and knees and examined them closely. Then he noticed that they led off in a long, graceful line across the meadow and into the woods beyond the school-house. Could they be a fox's tracks? If so, he was in a fair way to realize the greatest ambition of his life.

Sam now remembered that, only a week or two before, Lem Hindman had said, "I tracked a fox this morning from our barn, down through the pastur' field, across Rinker's clearin', up over Greer's hill, and into the rocks in Loudon's hollow."

"Why didn't you dig him out?" some of the boys had asked.

"Dig him out?" said Lem. "It'd take more men to dig a fox out of such a place than it took to raise Christy's barn."

At anyrate, Sam confided to Lem his suspicions about the tracks, and, a day or two afterwards, Lem and Sam were both excused from school at the same hour. Whether Lem was required to go home earlier than usual no one knew better than the two boys themselves; but before he went Sam had his opinion





HE DREW THE PICTURE OF A BOY DRAGGING A DEAD FOX.

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

on the indications at the "lower barn" expressed tersely thus :

"Them's fox-tracks if ever ther' was fox-tracks !"

The situation of affairs having reached this condition of reasonable certainty, Sam began to be nervous. He lay awake a long time at night and calculated how many useful things, such as powder, gun-caps, knives, balls, fish-hooks and the like he could buy with the price of a fox-skin, which, he had found out, was then worth about \$2.50. He drew pictures of foxes on his slate at school. One day he drew the picture of a boy dragging a dead fox over the snow by a string tied around its neck. That evening he felt that the crisis was coming. He went, without a moment's delay, from the school-house to the "lower barn," and examined the tracks for the hundredth time.

Now, just a little distance west of the barn, there stood a large oak-tree which had a hole on its south side, near the ground, about large enough to receive a man's fist. On the east side—that is, the side next the barn—a little higher than Sam's head, was a large hole that had been cut at some time for the purpose of getting out a wood-chuck. Sam happened to look toward this tree and there, in the big hole on the east side, he saw a fox !

There could be no possible doubt about it. Such

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

eyes as Sam's couldn't deceive a boy who was on the hunt for a fox. Nothing could be plainer than that it was a fox's head. The ears stuck up exactly like a fox's ears, and the body, of course, was back in the hollow of the tree. "O, you cunning rascal!" said Sam "don't I wish I had a gun!"

With this he raised the pitch-fork to his shoulder, and sighted along the handle, imitating what he would do if he only *had* a gun. When he thought the aim was good he shouted "bang! imagining it to be the discharge of the gun. At this sound the fox took fright and dodged back into the hollow of the tree. Then Sam ran, in breathless anxiety, and stopped up both holes to make his prisoner secure.

Next he ran home, palpitating at every step, to get the old dog Pipe, and the axe. He was not a practiced chopper, but he felt now that he could easily make a hole in one of the giant trees of California, to get out a fox.

He would have entered into a contract to deliver the skin of that fox the next morning, or within two hours, for that matter; and he was determined that nobody should know a word about it till he threw down his captive dead before the wondering eyes of the whole family.

So he slipped quietly into the woodshed, picked up



WHAT HE WOULD DO IF HE ONLY HAD A GUN.



Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

the axe and spoke to Pipe in a whisper. Then he put a little piece of rope in his pocket to tie around the fox's neck so that he could drag him home on the snow, as he had planned it in the picture on his slate, and back he hastened to the tree and prepared for a big triumph.

"Now," thought he, "if I only cut that lower hole a little larger I can put a stick up the hollow of the tree and punch the fellow out at the big hole, and then I've got him. Watch him now, Pipe, watch him!" And then he began to chop.

No soldier ever pounded more earnestly at the gate of a walled city, or with a more ambitious heart-throb. He wondered if all oak-trees were so hard to chop. At last, just as the sky began to grow dusky with the approach of night, he had made the hole large enough. He took the stick in his hand and said: "Now, catch him, Pipe, catch him!" and then he thrust it up the hollow of the tree. In an instant out came the fox with a great flurry and bustle, and sailed away over the meadow. Pipe made the best speed he could after it, plunging through drifts of snow that almost covered him out of sight; but a heavy old farm-dog is a poor reliance in a fox-chase, especially if the fox flies, as this one did.

For this fox was an owl!

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

Sam looked after in blank amazement as it sailed away with the most provoking ease. It seemed to him almost incredible that he should have been so deceived. Then he stuffed his hands in his breeches pockets and glanced around cautiously to see if anybody was looking, and, as he did so, he made a discovery. "My word!" said he; "there isn't a track within a hundred feet of this tree but what me and Pipe has made!"

By this time he noticed that the calves and sheep were calling for their supper. As soon as he had fed them he trudged off slowly toward home, and put the axe in the woodshed more slyly than he had taken it out. Supper was over and he had to eat by himself in the kitchen. While he was eating his mother said:

"Sam, you have never been so late home before. What kept you?"

"O, nothing much," said Sam. "I wonder if there's enough of wood in?"

But she was not to be put off in that way, and she pressed the subject upon him till finally he did what he had firmly resolved not to do with any human being — took her into his confidence and told her all about it.

Now it is a praiseworthy thing for a boy to make a confidant of his mother. His secrets are safer with

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

her than with anyone else ; but, somehow, the story got out.

The next morning, when Sam went to school, a few minutes late, he thought he could feel by the very atmosphere of the place that they all knew it. He had scarcely been seated five minutes when one of the boys held up a copy of McGuffey's spelling-book



THIS IS A FOX!

and, pointing to the picture of an owl in it, whispered to Sam, from behind his hand, that it was a fox. The books that day all seemed to be full of fresh information about owls. Even the little toddlers in the first reader drawled out the sentence : "A brown owl sat all day on a beam in the barn," and then the

Why Didn't He Catch A Fox?

boys all looked at Sam. He wished in his heart that owls would always sit on beams and not get into holes in old hollow trees to bother boys. At recess and at noon they teased him without mercy, and, as he once afterwards expressed it, made life almost a burden to him.

Now Sam was not one of your suspicious fellows, and he wasn't apt to think harm of anybody. Accordingly he intimated to his mother that evening that he couldn't understand how the rest of the family and the boys at school came to know about his exploit of the evening before. She didn't furnish any satisfactory explanation, but she sympathized with him and did what she could to help him to make the best out of a really very disagreeable situation.

"Why," she said, "did you never think, Sam, that if there had happened to be a wild-cat in the tree instead of an owl, it might have killed the dog and then pounced on you? Then nobody knows what might have happened. Why, there isn't a dog in the whole neighborhood that could kill a wild-cat!"

In fact, she made such a terrible picture out of the possibilities of the case, that he almost persuaded himself that he was glad the tree contained nothing but a harmless owl.

But still he *did* want to catch a fox.

ABOUT HATS.

YOU may think, boys, this is a very trivial subject ; but I will try to show you that nothing is more significant of a boy's politeness or impoliteness than the way he conducts himself with reference to his hat.

Of course customs differ very much in different countries, and even in different parts of our own country ; but it seems to me that there are some little forms of courtesy which would be almost instinctive with every true gentleman, irrespective of country.

The average boy will remove his hat and make as graceful a bow as he knows how to make, when he meets a pretty girl of his acquaintance either in the street or car ; but how many boys will perform the

About Hats.

same act of politeness should they happen to meet their own mother or sister? How many will do it



THE WAY HE PASSES THE PRETTY GIRL.

when they encounter an elderly aunt or their sister's middle-aged dress-maker? And yet the pleasure of

About Hats.

receiving an act of courtesy is quite as great to any one of these as it is to the pretty girl aforesaid, and perhaps much more so on account of its rarity.

In removing the hat take it entirely off. There are some who merely touch it, scarcely moving it at all. But "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well"; and I could tell you of a boy of my acquaintance (no! a *boy* no longer, but the good habit was formed in boyhood and still continues in the prime of manhood,) who removes his hat in such a *thorough* manner when he sees a lady friend that it is really a pleasure to meet him.

I could also mention a family of Quakers who live in our neighborhood. There are five sons in this family and all are models of politeness with regard to hats, either in street or car. Perhaps you have heard that Quakers have scruples about making obeisance to any human being. There was an old Philadelphia Friend who refused to remove his hat in court and the judge ordered one of the officers of the court to take it off for him; and, of course, being a "non-resistant" he could make no objections to having this act performed for him.

As a general thing, however, the Quakers of the present day are very polite in this regard. They seem to have an instinctive feeling which is stronger than

About Hats.

the stringent code of their meeting-house. As a Philadelphian I have known quite a number of them, and I will say that, as a rule, they are exceptionally polite in regard to their hats.

In the City of Brotherly Love, and I suppose in most large cities, it is the custom for the gentleman to remove his hat if the friend with whom he is walking meets a lady acquaintance who bows to the latter. Of course this gives the un-introduced gentleman no right to repeat the act should he happen to meet the lady when his friend is no longer with him. I know a Philadelphia boy who happened to belong to a corps of civil engineers — he was “second rod-man,” I think, — stationed in a small country town in the west central part of Pennsylvania ; and he had been well-drilled at home in the etiquette of the hat and carried all his good habits with him. One day, while walking with the “first rod-man,” they met a young girl who bowed to the latter. Our boy, remembering his home lessons, removed his hat politely and passed on with his friend. Some time afterwards he happened to hear that the girl wondered what right *he* had to be taking off his hat to her !

Therefore it is well to inform one's self of the customs of a place ; for what is politeness in one place may be considered rudeness in another, though there

About Hats.

are some things which would be unmistakably rude in any place. One of these is, keeping your hat on in the house while talking to *any* lady. Can you imagine Sir Philip Sidney talking to his sister in the beautiful house at Penshurst with his *hat on*?

Never kiss your mother good-by with your hat on ; and extend the same courtesy towards sister, cousin, or any lady whom you may have the privilege of kissing. Boys, you do not know how the little act of keeping the hat on may detract from the pleasure of the morning kiss. You cannot imagine how the chivalrous habit of keeping it in hand until the last good-by is spoken may linger in the heart of mother, cousin, or sister as a pleasant memory all through a day of toil and care.

If you are in a store or office never keep your hat on while attending to a lady. Perhaps you will be astonished at my supposing such a thing possible, but that such things are possible I know from my own observation. I have remembrance of a man (I will not say gentleman,) who lost me for a customer, chiefly because he kept his hat on while exhibiting to me some of his musical instruments.

There may be reasons why keeping the hat on might be necessary, even under circumstances where politeness might otherwise lead to its removal. I can

About Hats.

hardly think that it is done so often out of mere boorishness or ignorance. If it does so happen that a cold in your head, or weak eyes, or a stray draught in



THE WAY HE PASSES HIS MOTHER.

the store necessitates your keeping it on, a little apology to that effect would set you right in the eyes of any sensible girl or woman.

About Hats.

When a gentleman gives his place to a lady in the street car and she happens to thank him for it, (which I am sorry to say she does not *always* do,) he lifts his hat to her to show that it has been a pleasure to him to make her comfortable as well as to mark the fact that her politeness in thanking him has been appreciated. If I were talking to the girls now, I should tell them that in no case should this little act of courtesy on his part be construed into an initiatory step towards an acquaintance.

Every girl who has brothers, and every teacher who has boys for scholars, should try to keep them up to the mark in regard to *hats*. I have had some amusing experiences with my Sunday-school scholars in this regard. I know it is not generally considered a matter worthy of Sunday-school consideration; but, in my mind, it is *significant* of so much that I try to give my "infants" an early drilling.

Two brothers, who were once in my class, learnt the lesson very quickly and seemed to enjoy its practice exceedingly. They were very poor boys, their father and mother both intemperate I believe. They had had little or no home instruction with regard to politeness, nor, I am afraid, in regard to other more important matters; but they soon became celebrated all over the neighborhood for the manner in which

About Hats.

they removed their hats at the approach of a lady, or even a gentleman whom they might happen to know.



REALLY ENJOYING IT.

It was done with so much *vim*, as if they really enjoyed it, and no obstacle was permitted to interfere with this act of gallantry. If laden with baskets or

About Hats.

bundles, down they would be set upon the ground until the bow and accompanying grin (*not* a part of the lesson) had been accomplished. Should they be too far off to have their courtesy appreciated, they would wait until the one to whom they were about to bow had come up within bowing distance. Sometimes they would go considerably out of their way for the pleasure of the performance.

The majority of small boys require a much longer drilling. Sometimes, when I meet them on week-days, I have to remind them by putting my hand up to my own head. If that is not enough, I have occasionally gone so far as to remove their hats for them as the court-officer did for the Quaker gentleman.

The Father of our Country (of whom you have no doubt heard ere this) was walking one day with a friend when they met a colored gentleman who saluted the General, removing his hat to him politely. The General returned the bow, removing his hat in return. The friend expressed some surprise at this after they had passed, but Washington's answer, no doubt, made him feel a little ashamed:

“Do you think I am going to allow him to excel me in politeness?”

POPULAR BOOKS BY "PANSY."

<i>ESTER RIED</i>	\$1.50
<i>JULIA RIED</i>	1.50
<i>THREE PEOPLE</i>	1.50
<i>THE KING'S DAUGHTER</i>	1.50
<i>WISE AND OTHERWISE</i>	1.50
<i>TIP LEWIS AND HIS LAMP</i>	1.50
<i>HOUSEHOLD PUZZLES</i>	1.50
<i>THE RANDOLPHS</i>	1.50
<i>FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA</i>	1.50
<i>CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME</i>	1.50
<i>LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE</i>	1.50
<i>CUNNING WORKMEN</i>	1.25
<i>GRANDPA'S DARLINGS</i>	1.25
<i>MISS PRISCILLA HUNTER</i> . Paper covers 50c. } in one vol. cloth.....	1.25
<i>MY DAUGHTER SUSAN</i> . " " " }	
<i>JESSIE WELLS</i>75
<i>DOCIA'S JOURNAL</i>75
<i>BERNIE'S WHITE CHICKEN</i> , to which is added "The Diamond Bracelet"	.75
<i>HELEN LESTER</i> ; to which is added "Nannie's Experiment "	.75
<i>SIX LITTLE GIRLS</i>75
<i>TWO BOYS</i>75
<i>GETTING AHEAD</i>75
<i>PANSIES</i>75
<i>A CHRISTMAS TIME</i>15
<i>LITTLE PANSY SERIES</i> . 10 vols.....	4.00

BY "PANSY AND FAYE HUNTINGTON."

<i>MODERN PROPHETS</i>	1.50
<i>FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS</i>	1.50
<i>DR. DEANE'S WAY</i>	1.25

BY "FAYE HUNTINGTON."

<i>THOSE BOYS</i>	1.50
<i>ECHOING AND RE-ECHOING</i>	1.50
<i>MRS. DEANE'S WAY</i>	1.25

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED QUARTOS BY "PANSY."

<i>PANSY'S PICTURE BOOK</i> . Extra cloth	2.00
Gilt edges	2.25
<i>MOTHERS BOYS AND GIRLS</i> . Extra cloth	1.75
Chromo board covers	1.25
<i>SIDNEY MARTIN'S CHRISTMAS AND OTHER STORIES</i>	1.50
<i>OUR DARLINGS</i> . What they think, say, and do. Extra cloth	1.50
Chromo board covers	1.00
<i>LITTLE PEOPLE</i> . In picture and story. Extra cloth	1.50
Chromo board covers	1.00

Boston: D. LOTHROP & CO., Publishers.

OUT OF SCHOOL SERIES.

BOYS OF BRIMSTONE COURT

BY

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

AND

OTHER STORIES BY FAVORITE AUTHORS.



Mrs. Miffett's
Camel's Hair
Shawl
Miss Juniper's
Ward,
That which Hap-
pened to Tommy
Left-Handed Luck
Thrustle's
Fourth of July
Bobby's Shirts
Her Little Life
A Mistle D.

TO THE EDITOR
OF THE
NEW YORK TIMES
AND
OTHER PUBLICATIONS
IN NEW YORK

W 19

7





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa.
Nov.-Dec. 1988
We're Quality Bound

